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M. H. Freeland

William B. Cairns Collection
Of
American Women Writers
1650-1920

William B. Cairns
Professor of English
University of Wisconsin-Madison

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Mariet Hardy Freeland

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Mariet Hardy Freeland
A Faithful Witness

A Biography by her Daughter
Mrs. Emma Freeland Shay

ILLUSTRATED

Introduction by
MRS. MARY L. COLEMAN

"Thy faithful witness will I be,
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee."

SECOND EDITION

CHICAGO:
The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
of the Free Methodist Church
1132 Washington Boulevard
1914

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To My Father

WHOSE FIDELITY TO THE CAUSE OF TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, ENABLED HIM TO STAND SIDE BY SIDE WITH MY MOTHER DURING FIFTY-THREE YEARS OF HER CHRISTIAN WARFARE, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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Introduction

If one were to suggest a title for the book before us other than the one it bears, it might well be "The Story of the Soul of a Woman."

It has been truthfully said, "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

It is to be hoped that this biography of one of the mothers of Free Methodism will be a forerunner of others, and that they may be as great a benediction to the church, and especially to our young people, as have the thrilling stories of the lives of the mothers of early Methodism. The same spirit of unworldliness, of devotion to high ideals of holy living, of heroic sacrifice for the cause of truth that characterized them, speaks eloquently in the lives of the group of noble women who were identified with early Free Methodism.

That we may help to perpetuate this spirit, and thus in some small measure repay the debt of love we owe to them for the religious liberty that is ours, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, represented by their executive committee, at their last annual session, voted cordially and unanimously to publish this biography. The manuscript is furnished free of charge, and the proceeds from the sale of the book are to go into the treasury of the society.

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The writer was privileged to become personally acquainted with Mrs. Freeland while the family were living in western New York, and to renew that acquaintance at the quadrennial meetings of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Her presence was ever an inspiration to holier living and to more devoted service. Hers was the rare combination of a strong, aggressive, uncompromising spirit, with a gentleness and tenderness that made her not only a wise leader, but a loving friend.

To read this deeply interesting story of her life, is to feel again the influence of her spirit, again to see in memory the earnest, spiritual face, radiant at times with the glory of the upper world, and to hear her words of counsel and of comfort.

The author has brought to her willing task the inspiration that has flowed into her own soul from a life-long intimate association with this life so "pure in its purpose" and so "strong in its strife."

Possessed of a cultivated mind and a heart consecrated to the same principles of holiness that guided her mother's life, she has written this life-story with the quick perception and the fine appreciation of motive and action that love alone can give. May it speak to many hearts of the beauty and glory of a life thus given to God.

MRS. MARY L. COLEMAN.

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Preface

Every individual is influenced more or less by some ideal character. While comparatively few can come in actual touch with earth's heroes: a David Livingstone, a Florence Nightingale, a John Wesley or a Mrs. Fletcher; yet by means of biography, all who will, of every succeeding generation, may become acquainted with their inner life and be influenced by their lofty character.

It is a difficult and delicate task, however, to so present the life of an individual as to touch the heart of humanity, and cause a response to its joys and sorrows, its struggles and victories.

The simple tale of the "Dairyman's Daughter" has caused thousands to so sympathize with the experiences of that humble Christian and to be so touched by her devout piety, that they too have become followers of her Savior.

Would that this sketch might bring to our young people, in whom my mother was ever deeply interested and for whom this life-story has been written, the same atmosphere of consecration and devotion to Christ that pervaded her life and made possible the victories that may likewise be theirs.

It has been the aim to preserve as far as possible, the words and expressions found in the carefully

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kept diaries and journals of my mother, only changing from the first to the third person in order to form a continuous life record.

To the many who have contributed facts, incidents, and words of appreciation in connection with her life, I am indebted for much of added interest. It is to be regretted that lack of space prevents the use of more that would have been valuable.

Also to Mrs. E. L. Hogue, who kindly contributed her services in editing the manuscript and to my father who has assisted in every way possible in the preparation of the same, I am indeed grateful.

If my mother's dying prayer, "The Lord grant that my mantle may fall on the young pilgrims, a double portion of the Holy Spirit; that they may go everywhere Jesus bids them, not shrinking from the least or greatest cross," may be more fully answered because of the publication of this volume, it will be a precious reward.

EMMA FREELAND SHAY.

Greenville, Illinois.
May, 1913.

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CHAPTER I.

Home Scenes.

It was early spring in the year 1830. In the town of Gainesville, Genesee County (now Wyoming), in the western part of New York State, a new clearing had been made, and a family consisting of father, mother, and nine children, had recently settled in this forest wilderness.

The log-house, built from the surrounding timber by the father and older sons, was as comfortable as were most houses in that newly settled country. Besides the one large family room, there was a side room for the mother and her spinning. Above the family room was the attic where the six boys slept. In winter the snow blew in through the roof, covering them with a downy blanket. But what cared they! In the morning, the great fire-place, with its back-log of hickory and bed of carefully protected coals, would soon be roaring with a fire that would scorch their faces. The generous loaves of bread, baked by the mother in the brick oven, would be frozen solid during the winter nights. One of the boys, holding a loaf near the fire until partially thawed, would cut off one slice, then another and another until there was sufficient for the morning meal.

A merry company they were. There was the ener-

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getic, tireless father, Samuel Hardy, a native of Massachusetts. His father fought for liberty in the battle of Bunker Hill, continuing a soldier throughout the Revolutionary War. The mother, Polly Parker Hardy, was every inch a New England matron, whose early home was in Connecticut. Her father likewise fought in the same battle and was a soldier during the same war.

Thus far, their life together had been one of toil and sacrifice, such as only the early settlers in our country knew.

Their first great sorrow came five years before the events of our story; the oldest daughter, Elmina, a beautiful girl of nineteen, sickened and died. This left three girls and six boys in the family circle.

The second daughter, Abigail, had married a prosperous farmer and was then living three miles from the new home. The oldest son, Stephen Parker, a sturdy lad of nineteen, was his father's main stay. The younger children, Charley, the unfortunate brother; John Nelson, twelve years old; Lorenzo Dow, two years younger; William Harrison, a boy of seven; and Harvey Wesley, the five-year-old brother, kept the home from being lonely.

Eunice Samantha, upon whom fell the responsibilities of the older sister, since Abby had left home, had for her special care the winsome, blue-eyed baby of six months, little Mariet. As soon as the baby sister became old enough to run about outdoors, Stephen was her protector. She would follow him around at his work, and when she could not find him would call and call, until he answered. Before she could talk plainly she called him "Tainy-one." He

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was her favorite brother during all those early years.

While acres were being added to the clearing and the wants of the family supplied, happiness and contentment ruled in the home. "They were so close together, they had to be good-natured," as one of the boys remarked in after years.

Thus the seasons passed by with their round of pleasure and toil. The flax was pulled, rotted, hetcheled and spun into the finest linen, to be woven afterwards into cloth for the needs of the home. The flock of sheep furnished the wool that was carded and made into yarn for the stockings or woven into cloth for the clothing of the entire family. The wheat and corn were taken to mill and ground into flour for the winter's use.

No brilliant electricity illuminated the homes in those early days. Tallow candles of their own manufacture furnished the only means of light.

Few were the journeys necessary to the neighboring town for supplies; even "store sugar" was a delicacy rarely indulged in, the toothsome maple sugar amply meeting their needs.

Ah, that was one of the jolly times, when the "sap began to run" in the maple woods. All were allowed to go to the "sugar-bush" to share by turn in the toil and pleasures of "sugaring off."

Wild game was found in abundance, and the boys delighted in nothing more than in an exciting fox-hunt. At one time they secured their fox by cutting him out of an old hemlock-tree. At another time they returned home with three coons and a partridge.

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Once each year the shoe-maker came, spending a week in making shoes for the family. The seamstress also made her annual visits, fashioning the home-spun suits for father and sons alike.

At no great distance from the home stood the little red school-house to which the children were sent to gain all the education possible. No maps, no charts, not even slates aided them in their search for knowledge. The poor little things would sit with their feet dangling from the high seats, waiting their turn to say their A B C's, or wearily conning Webster's speller, the old English reader, DaBoll's arithmetic, or Mitchell's geography.

There were no primary books at that time. The teacher was supposed, by some magical means, to adapt these text books to all ages. So our merry group of youngsters made the most of the three months granted them for study.

It was a great day when "little Mary," the pet of the family, was considered old enough to go to school with her brothers. They would take her by the hand in winter and help her through the deep snow-drifts.

In 1834, when Mary was about five years old, Stephen married and went at once to live amid the forests of Pennsylvania. Samantha, too, was married a year later, and with her husband, William Patterson, settled near the home Stephen had selected.

"Little Mary," being the only sister left at home, was invested with new charms, and became almost the idol of the family. The father could hardly go to mill without her merry prattle to accompany him. How willingly would she go to the garden to gather

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LINEN SAMPLER, WORKED BY MARY WHEN A CHILD.

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a cup of berries for the mother's mid-day lunch, or run on numberless other errands, if she might but lessen the steps of that precious mother, to whom she clung with tireless devotion. Nor was Mary without her simple pleasures. At one time she would be tending a pet lamb, whose mother had died, and again she would play for hours with her dolls, fashioned from corncobs; nor did she have any others. On a few great occasions her father would bring her a stick of bright-colored candy when he returned from the distant town. Apples and nuts, pop-corn and maple sugar, were the wholesome treats indulged in around the fire-place during the winter evenings.

But nothing has thus far been said of the religious influences in this home. Although the parents were Methodists, some trouble had arisen with one of the brothers in the church, which shook the father's confidence in religion, causing him to withdraw from the church while Mary was still very young. The family altar was no longer kept up, although the father continued to ask a blessing at the table.

The children were all unsaved except the two that had left home.

In the midst of these unfavorable circumstances the Holy Spirit talked with little Mary. When not more than five years of age she began to pray, without having been taught, and continued, with more or less earnestness, to seek the Lord in secret.

When about eleven years of age, through the influence of a young lady then living in the home, and her unsaved, fun-loving brothers, Mary was drawn into the society of the gay and thoughtless.

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Although young, so rapid had been her growth that she seemed much older, and readily engaged in all the pleasures of the times. She learned to love dancing and other vain amusements. Never, however, after spending an evening in this manner, did she close her eyes in sleep, without weeping and promising never to go to places of the kind again.

In the winter of 1842, when Mary was thirteen years old, a protracted meeting was held near her home. She attended one service and in response to an invitation, felt strongly inclined to identify herself as a seeker of religion. She wished the young lady who was living in their home, and was some years older than herself, to go with her to the altar, but she refused. How could she go forward alone, before all the congregation, and especially before her unsaved brothers? She hesitated. Some had already gone and a season of prayer was in progress. Mary thought the matter all over. "I shall have to die alone and stand alone at the judgment," she reasoned. "Not one of my friends can go with me there. Shall I fear to seek God, who alone can go with me through the dark valley or shield me in the judgment?"

Her decision was made to seek God, whether any of her friends did or not, and to go forward at once should another invitation be given. Another invitation was given. She went—a simple, awkward country girl; but then was a decision made from which she never turned during all the seventy years that followed.

She did not at once find the Savior, but conviction rested upon her heart. She felt guilty of base

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ingratitude to God and wept and prayed for weary days and nights. So deep was her sense of sin that she lost her appetite for food, eating scarcely anything for several days.

At last, when praying alone in her room, suddenly the burden was lifted and her soul found rest.

Mary soon united with the Methodist Episcopal church on probation and was baptized a few weeks later. Still she was ignorant of the way of life and had no guide but the Holy Spirit. She was not sufficiently acquainted with his voice to know every time when he spoke.

Her standard of piety was the example of two young ladies in the neighborhood, one a Baptist, the other a Presbyterian. They were generally regarded as real Christians, being plain in dress and careful of their associations. These two were her models until she learned later to take everything to God in prayer.

One of the first duties that came to her after her conversion was to ask her father for the privilege of again erecting the family altar. Long she struggled over this cross. She reverenced her father and mother. Could it be that she, the youngest in the family, should thus put herself forward?

At last, when fully convinced that it was her duty, she hesitated no longer. One evening, before retiring, as her parents sat alone, with trembling voice and beating heart, she timidly said, "Father, are you willing that I should read a chapter in the Bible before we go to rest?"

The father removed his glasses, laid down his newspaper and replied, "Yes, Mary, get the book."

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She took down the long neglected family Bible and, turning to the thirty-seventh Psalm, read its comforting words.

Then the father said, "Now, Mary, pray." With overflowing heart she sent her simple petitions heavenward, and from that night Mary was faithful in the observance of this duty, which now became a privilege.

Mary was still busy with her studies during the few months of school, and was thorough in every lesson, never leaving it until she had mastered the minutest detail. She read few books, but they were the choicest, and their contents carefully treasured. Much of her time was spent with the distaff and the spinning wheel. So continuously was she employed in this labor that she suffered from its effect throughout her entire life.

About this time the old log-house was replaced by a handsome frame dwelling upon which the father spent much time and money. It was his pride and represented the hard toil of years. The house was built upon a slight eminence, surrounded with grounds tastefully laid out.

Mary, who was passionately fond of flowers, spent many hours, assisted by her brothers, in arranging flower gardens extensively adorned with lilac, snowballs, wild roses and numberless varieties of old-fashioned beauties.

There was the bower of sweet jessamine and honey-suckle, where she would spend hours of solitude, watching the opening buds or studying the language of her favorite flowers.

Near by was the spring where she often sat be-

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neath the overhanging branches of a weeping willow, gazing upon the transparent waters as they gushed forth from the rock beneath her feet or listening to the sweet caroling of the birds.

Yonder were the meadows and the forests where she loved to gather the earliest wild flowers. Nearer the house were the orchards which gently sloped to the brook that went babbling by.

How Mary loved her home! Her heart clung to it and the loved ones there and fain would she have remained within its hallowed walls, hidden from the turmoil of the busy world.

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CHAPTER II.

Breaking Home Ties.

The busy, happy years of girlhood were passing quickly by. The family circle had been gradually growing smaller. John Nelson had married and gone to make his home in Wisconsin. Harrison, the adventurer, soon joined Nelson, taking up government land, intending to make his permanent home in Wisconsin. His hopes were all centered in the anticipated union with a lovely, young lady who returned his affection; but she sickened and died, leaving his heart lonely and desolate. So deep was his grief that no one ever took the place of the lost one. To drown his sorrow, he joined a company of one hundred persons who started overland with teams and wagons, for California, the land of gold, in "49."

Harrison was elected captain of the company, ever after being known as "Captain Hardy." His sister Mary was anxious for his safety in this long adventurous trip. Especially did she plead with God for his conversion, and never ceased her pleading until the answer came, long years afterward.

Lorenzo Dow, the genial, kind-hearted brother, had married meanwhile and made his home in Gainesville, not far from the old home farm. Partly because they were so nearly of an age, and partly be-

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cause of the similarity of their tastes and dispositions, Harvey and Mary were now much together, becoming devoted in their attachment for each other.

About this time an orphan cousin, Desiah Hoag, came to live in the home and became like a sister to Mary, who loved her with that unselfish devotion which was ever a characteristic of her friendships.

Mary still continued to be the only one of the children at home who was a Christian. The constant burden of her heart was for the conversion of her brothers and cousin, and yet she was not satisfied with her own religious experience. She was an ardent reader of Christian biography and there learned of a blessing for believers called sanctification.

She concluded that this must be the blessing that would satisfy her soul-longings, and began to seek for it secretly.

She had never heard but one person testify to the experience, nor had she ever heard a sermon on the subject, so it was not strange that she failed to understand the voice of the Spirit as he came in answer to her prayers.

Holiness was then preached but little in the Methodist Episcopal church, although a revival of this doctrine and experience of early Methodism was beginning about this time in eastern New York, under the labors of Doctor Palmer, and more especially of his gifted wife, Phoebe Palmer.

Meanwhile Mary was being led step by step to a life of consecration and separation from the worldly influences with which she was surrounded. She was constant in her attendance upon the means of grace,

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and especially enjoyed a woman's prayer meeting held each week at a private dwelling.

She was often troubled with reference to her duty in the social means of grace. At times, through natural timidity, she would shrink from taking part in a service and, as a result, would be accused by the enemy of wilfully neglecting to bear her cross.

The perplexity became so great that she was losing all comfort in the prayer meetings. She must know definitely God's will for her. Then the light shone clearly and she covenanted with God to take a part, however much she might feel her inability, in every service where an opportunity was given. This decision was as an anchor to her soul, keeping her committed to do the Master's will.

The subject of fasting, as a means of grace, was brought to her attention as she read the lives of devoted Christians of other days. She searched the Bible that she might know for herself what was the Christian's duty. She found it to be a scriptural practise, observed by those who were deeply devoted or eminently useful, and she at once made fasting a regular part of her Christian duty.

Mary was not content to be merely a nominal church member. She had determined to be the best Christian it was possible for her to be. Often she would say, "I do not want my sun to set amid clouds, I want a glorious sunset. I can not be content with merely gaining heaven, I must have an abundant entrance."

The influence of the two young ladies previously mentioned, encouraged her in seeking to be deeply spiritual. Nothing to her seemed small or of little

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importance. An unkind or thoughtless word would cause her to weep tears of bitter repentance. She early formed the habit of speaking evil of no one, not even if what she might say were true. Nor would she allow the reputation of another to be injured in her presence if she could prevent it.

In her dress she was, from the time of her conversion, comparatively plain; still the Spirit shone upon her heart as she was able to bear.

It was the fashion at that time to wear dainty bead pockets suspended from the girdle. Mary had spent hours in making such a pocket from blue satin, covering it with shining steel beads. At last it was finished, and was to be worn for the first time on the Sabbath. As she was about to start for church with the new pocket conspicuously displayed, a brother-in-law, the husband of her sister Abby, playfully remarked, "Mary, if the Methodists were as they used to be, they would not allow you to belong to the church, wearing such finery." Quickly she replied, "If the Methodists were as they used to be, I would gladly be like them." The Spirit at once spoke to her heart—"Was she not responsible, whether others kept the old beaten track or not?"

At another time, while making some clothing, she decided that the garments would not be complete without about three yards of simple edging. She watched her opportunity to make the desired purchase. Soon a peddler called and she found just what she wanted. Three yards of edging at two cents a yard, six cents in all, and she thought herself fortunate to get it so cheaply.

But scarcely had the peddler left, when the

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question came to her mind, "What did you get that edging for? Will it make your garments any more durable, or in any way better adapted for your use?" She could but reply that it would not. "Then what did you get it for?" the Spirit questioned. She was forced to acknowledge that it was only for looks. The Spirit continued further, reminding her that the six pennies thus spent could have purchased a Testament for some destitute child in the Sunday-school. The words, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," came forcibly to her mind. How clearly did she see the necessity for self-denial in all the minute details of every-day life.

"But how," she questioned, "shall I know just the standard in dress that I should adopt? Will I not go so far as to become ridiculous and be constantly in bondage, fearing I am not doing just right?"

The Holy Spirit spoke encouragingly to her heart, assuring her that she should know God's will even in these apparently small matters. Thus she was laying the foundations of a character that must stand severe tests and adopting rules of Christian conduct that were for a life-time.

No human standard would do. She dared not look to the example of others; she must know for herself. In secret, alone with God, no human voice to influence, her life-long rule in regard to dress was adopted. How simple it seemed after all the struggles were over, but how impossible it had appeared at first to obtain such a standard.

First.—She was to wear nothing merely for orna-

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ment, nothing that was not in some way necessary for comfort, cleanliness, or modesty.

Second.—She was to refuse no fashion simply because it was the fashion, nor was she to discard anything because it was out of fashion.

Thus she was forever removed from the realm of fashion's dictates, and maintained that independence and rest of spirit of which fashion's votaries know nothing.

Nor was she careless with reference to her appearance. She was scrupulously neat. No frayed or tattered garments were ever tolerated. Becoming materials, modest colors, and a perfect fitting garment, she felt it her duty to insist upon, as a representative of Christian womanhood.

Her form now, instead of being tall and awkward, possessed the dignity and grace of young womanhood. Her blue eyes, clear complexion, flushed cheeks, and earnest yet pleasing expression, together with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, made her a fitting model for those with whom she mingled.

Another subject that caused her much anxiety was the proper method for observing the Sabbath. In this, as in the matters of conversation and dress, she was led by the Spirit to that sacred observance of the day which, instead of making the Sabbath a dread and a burden, caused a hallowed spirit of communion with her Savior and shut her away from the pleasures and toil of the week, so that the day was to her a delight.

To test her conscientiousness, an unsaved friend once brought her, on the Sabbath day, some luscious wild berries. She hesitated a moment, fearing to

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grieve the friend for whom she had been praying; but at once her fidelity to the Master conquered, and she declined the gift saying, "I am sorry they were gathered on the Sabbath day."

After his conversion this friend told her that had she accepted the fruit he would have lost all confidence in her religion.

Then the selection of her companions was a matter of conscience with her. "How far should she mingle with the unsaved and join in their pleasures? Should she shut herself entirely away from the young people of her acquaintance?" Here again she could not rest without a rule by which she could be guided under every circumstance. She would go nowhere that she could not take her Savior; she would have no companions with whom she could not converse on the subject dearest to her heart.

To illustrate:—A sleigh-ride was planned, and a brilliant young man, her brother Harvey's chum, and one whom she would naturally admire, but who was not a Christian, invited her to accompany him. Should she refuse or should she accept the invitation? At once came the thought, "It will give me an opportunity to urge this friend to seek the Savior. If he is really a congenial companion, he will gladly welcome any words spoken with a desire for his welfare." She accepted the invitation with a prayer upon her lips that she might win this gifted young man for Christ.

Instead of keeping the subject of religion in the back-ground, lest she should displease him and lose his friendship, she faithfully and earnestly plead with him to seek the Savior.

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To him it seemed a time of decision—the self-denying, cross-bearing way of the Christian, or the pathway of pleasure, that leads to earthly fame and honor. He pondered; but earth held such attractions that like the rich young ruler, he turned sorrowfully from the narrow way.

He never invited Miss Hardy to accompany him again. He knew that to continue her friendship meant to accept her Savior. Years after, by chance they met in a railroad train. He had gained wealth and honor, and was at that time United States minister to Egypt, while she had been spending years in patient toil for the rescue of lost ones. Think you she regretted for a moment her fidelity to the Master?

How clearly in those early days did she see the necessity of self-denial. She was often alone in secret prayer. She found that it was necessary to have a stated time for her secret devotions, or they were liable to be crowded out by the busy duties of the day. After experimenting with different hours, she found that ten o'clock in the morning was least liable to interruptions, and that then she was not so weary as at the close of the day. True, it did take self-denial to spend an hour in the best part of the day, but she would not offer unto the Lord a sacrifice that cost her nothing. As a result God wondrously blessed her in secret and answered the prayers thus offered.

She also made the study of the Bible a part of her private worship, reading it through by course once each year.

When but sixteen years of age she gave five dol-

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lars to become a life member of the Gainesville Bible Society, receiving in return one dollar's worth of Bibles each year. These she carefully distributed among her friends.

She had an unusual sense of the realities of the divine life. While yet in her teens we find the following solemn dedication of herself to God:

"To thee, O Eternal God, my Heavenly Father, do I dedicate my soul, body, and spirit; resolving by the assistance of divine grace to know nothing among men but Jesus and him crucified.

MARIET HARDY."

When in her twentieth year she expressed her soul longings in the following words: "O that I might feel that every desire of my soul was lost in the will of my Heavenly Father. Grant, O Lord, to enstamp thy seal upon every faculty of my being. Let me live but for thee, my bleeding Savior. Never permit me to dishonor thy cause, rather sever the thread of life and take me to thyself."

The burden of her secret petitions often was, "Lord, make me a monument of thy power to save." It did not occur to her until long after that a monument was an object to be looked at. Little did she think what she was asking. Could she have seen and felt the full import of that prayer, with the grace she then had, she would, doubtless, have given up in discouragement, but the Lord revealed his will to her gently, as she was able to bear.

While her spiritual life was thus unfolding, she was diligently improving every opportunity to develop her mind and fit herself for usefulness.

Several of her brothers were excellent singers,

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but she did not possess so great a natural gift. Indeed, her father, himself a fine singer, once playfully remarked to the singing teacher, "I will give you five dollars if you will teach Mary to sing the scale." However, she persevered until she was much sought after when good singing was desired.

While still attending the district school her gift as a writer began to be manifest. She wrote many simple poems and schoolgirl compositions.

When about eighteen years of age, the following essay was written, after the death of a schoolmate.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH

"Hark! what sound is that which breaks with awful foreboding upon the ear? Alas, 'tis the death knell of a departed soul, another spirit gone to meet its God. And hast that cruel tyrant, Death, been here? Has he filled the hearts of another group with sorrow?

"But why is this, O Death? Why dost thou thus visit us and bear away from our side acquaintances, friends, and relatives? Why dost thou fill the mother's heart with sorrow by depriving her of her lovely offspring? Why is all this? Is it to quench thy thirst for blood, or to satiate thy unhallowed ambition, that thou causest sorrow to brood over the hearts of the children of men? O Death, thou art a much dreaded foe, both to princes and to people of low degree. Thou heedest not the age, beauty, or rank of thy victims. When thou callest, they must obey. Riches can not bribe thee, nor dignity check thy high career. Well mightest thou boast, proud

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Monarch, of thy sway, for thou hast held thy power without a rival.

"But lo! What form is that I see bursting thy strong bands and triumphantly rising from thy charnel house? Is it thy conqueror, O Death? Hast thine unlimited power been wrested from thy hands by a mightier king than thou? Yes, 'tis even so. Jesus, the Son of God, the King of Kings, has left his celestial throne on high, to be thy conqueror, O Death!

"The eastern star proclaimed his coming, while angels chanted forth in strains of joy the Conqueror's natal hymn. The conclave of heaven echoes back in peals of lofty music, their alleluiah to God and the Lamb.

"But why describe the happy hour, the hour of Jesus' birth? Rather let us turn to the final scene, the scene of victory.

"All nature seemed to hail that morn, with unbroken stillness and solemn awe. Angels from the celestial courts of heaven are looking with anxious eyes to behold the eventful crisis.

"The very earth seems to pause in its orbit. One ray of light from the eastern sky has scarcely shed its wonted loveliness, before the angelic band descends to earth, the pondrous stone removes, and Jesus, the Conqueror, comes from thy strong bands set free, to proclaim liberty to the captives bound by thy chains, O Death, and to bring peace to the children of men."

Meanwhile Mary had finished the course provided at the district school and had spent the winter of

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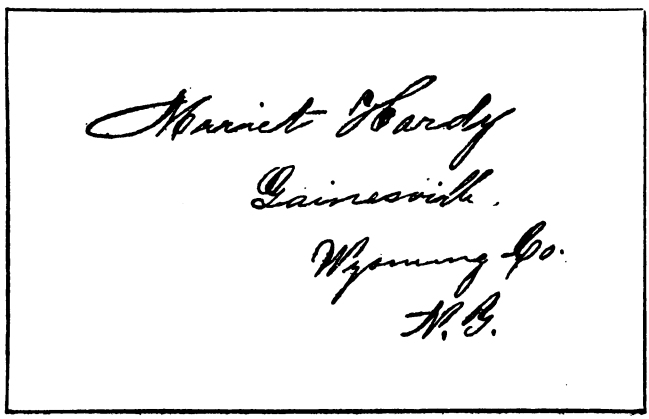
1847-48 in attending Cary Collegiate Seminary, an academy located in an adjoining county. Here she came under the instruction and inspiration of Miss Sill, the remarkably gifted woman afterward famous in the founding of Rockford Seminary in Rockford, Illinois.

The following summer Mary taught her first school in the town of Wethersfield, N. Y.

In those early days the teacher "boarded around" among the families in the district. Besides her board, thus provided, she received one dollar and twenty-five cents per week, or the sum of five dollars a month!

One of her many duties was to fashion from quills the pens for the use of her pupils. She began to take delight in penmanship, spending much time in practising the copies it was her task to set, and her handwriting from this time became a model of beauty, of which this card is a sample.



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Miss Hardy developed remarkable skill as a teacher, faithful and painstaking in every detail. Even the dull pupils made advancement under her instruction.

The following winter Mary was again in her loved home, ministering with loving hands to the dear ones there. In the summer she taught another term of school, and again a third term in the summer of 1850.

It would seem, with the small encouragement given to women in those days to attempt advanced scholarship, that Mary would naturally have remained at home, content to enjoy the comforts that surrounded her. But a voice semed to bid her cultivate the intellectual talent committed to her care. To her, in her self-depreciation, this talent seemed small and hardly susceptible of improvement; but the same voice assured her that where little was given, little would be required. She dared not hesitate, nor did she wish to refuse obedience to the heavenly monitor. She felt that if she would erect a superstructure that would withstand the most trying tests, its foundation must be a fear of the God of Heaven.

It was thus in obedience to a heavenly call, that she was to go forth from the home of her childhood, with all its endearing relations; to leave those pleasing scenes with their hallowed influences; the familiar voices of her friends that would restrain her and draw her back to that loved spot.

Hers was a consecration, not merely to a love for truth itself, to a thirst for knowledge, for the mere pleasure of knowing, but to an intense desire

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I hereby certify, that I have examined
Mary Ann Hardy, and do believe that she is well qualified,
in respect to moral character, learning, and ability, to
instruct a common school in this town, for one year from
date hereof.

Given under my hand this 9th day of June 1848
at Westfield,

Benj^a Bancroft, Town Supt. of Common Schools,
for said town.

A FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE GIVEN MISS HARDY.

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for usefulness, a longing to express her gratitude to her Redeemer. She determined that nothing should hinder her from gaining the best possible preparation for a life of Christian service.

As she wandered about the home the quiet retreats where she had loved to commune with nature and with God, her heart was crushed as she seemed to feel a foreshadowing that this earthly home would be hers no more.

The words of the Psalmist seemed spoken to her heart—"Harken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord and worship thou him" (Psa. 45:10, 11).

There as she knelt upon the velvet bank of the brook, beneath the shade of the trees where she had so often come for meditation and prayer, she made a consecration of her love for home that included all that God's providence brought to her in later years.

At this time her brother Harvey left home to attend college; but he went away unsaved. Mary could not rest, but prayed continually for his conversion. A revival was in progress at the college and her intercessions in his behalf increased until one Sabbath morning the assurance came to her that Harvey was saved. Her heart leaped for joy; the burden was gone, and she rested in faith.

In the class meeting that day, she felt constrained to tell the glad news, but hesitated, being tempted that possibly it might be a mistake. In a day or two, however, she received a letter from the

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absent brother, bearing on the envelope the message, "Haste, with joy." She eagerly opened the letter and found that at the very time she had been praying, he had been converted. How great was her joy, to have this beloved brother for her companion in the heavenly way. Her cousin Desiah was also converted about this time in answer to her prayers.

The minister at Gainesville in the year 1849-50 was a spiritual preacher, an advocate of holiness. He explained the doctrine so clearly that soon Mary was rejoicing in a consciousness, not only of sins forgiven, but of a heart cleansed from all elements contrary to love. She closes her journal for the year 1850, with the following humble tribute of thanksgiving:

"Another year has gone with its account to God, the most eventful of my life, and the most prosperous year spiritually that I have ever experienced.

"O my blessed Redeemer, how great has been thy goodness to me! Thou hast encouraged my weak efforts to save souls by verifying thy immutable promises to me in the conversion of one beloved brother, and her that is as a sister to me, besides several friends. O, how shall I sufficiently praise thee for all thy goodness! As the only return I am able to render thee, wilt thou enable me to take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord!"

Thus we find that at the early age of twenty-one, this quiet, hidden, consecrated witness for the Master was gathering the first fruits of her devoted life from her own circle of loved ones.

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CHAPTER III.

School Days at Lima.

At last the way seemed open for Miss Hardy to resume her studies. It was but a day's drive from her home to Lima, where the Genesee Wesleyan College and Seminary was located. Her brother Harvey was already in attendance there and she was eager to join him.

In those early days it was not considered proper for young ladies to pursue a regular college course, although in scholarship they might even excel their brothers.

It had long been Miss Hardy's cherished dream to read the Bible in the languages in which it was originally written; consequently she wished to enter the regular classical course. This was contrary to all the accepted rules of propriety, and, after vainly pleading that she be allowed to take the same course as her brother, she was obliged to substitute French and German for Latin and Greek, as more becoming to the training a young lady should receive. However, in several classes, chemistry, astronomy, natural theology and mathematics she studied and recited with her brother Harvey.

This distinction, based upon sex rather than intellectual ability, roused all her sense of justice, and led her to make numerous defenses of woman

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in connection with debates, essays, etc., during her seminary course.

It was the custom for many of the students to form clubs and board themselves, bringing much of their provisions from home. Miss Hardy, or Mariet, as she was known among the Lima students, Harvey and their cousin Desiah, together with several others, formed such a club. This was during the spring term of 1851, when, in her twenty-second year, Miss Hardy first entered Lima Seminary.

The imposing building, situated commandingly upon "Lima Hill," the fine advantages for literary culture, the talented instructors, the large company of earnest students gathered from all parts of the state, furnished an intellectual inspiration for which her mind thirsted.

In writing to one of her absent brothers after having been at Lima for some time, she says, "O how I love to investigate the mysteries of nature. I have been engaged considerably in such study, geology being at present my particular province. We have taken many long and pleasant rambles in imagination, among the scenes that were before man began to be. How strangely monotonous must have been the scenery of the primary or Paleozoic reign. Not one single sound indicative of life was heard throughout this earth of ours."

She was ever looking forward to the final result of her toil, at one time writing, "How inspiring to have the powers of mental perception so illuminated as to discern that, in the secluded halls of literature seeds may be implanted in the deep soil of the mind which, if carefully cultivated, will germinate

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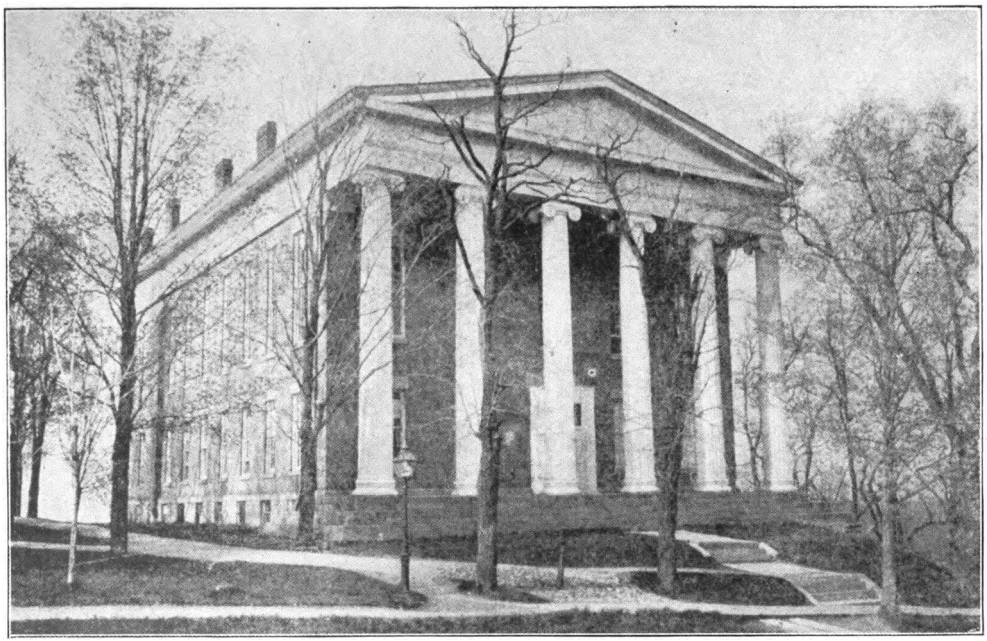

GENESEE WESLEYAN COLLEGE AND SEMINARY AT LIMA, NEW YORK, IN 1850.

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and become trees of knowledge, refreshing the heart with the nutritious fruits of usefulness."

When overwhelmed with the wonders of the universe, in her study of astronomy, she would steal away from the busy scenes about her, still loving solitude, as in childhood days. She expresses her feelings on these occasions thus: "When conscious that none but the Eternal is near, all the facinating allurements of earth sink into their own comparative nothingness, leaving the field of vision unobstructed, that the soul may contemplate with wonder and adoration, the unbounded universe of God. As the imagination, thus unfettered, soars from planet to planet, from sun to sun, and from system to system, or, descending to earth, investigates the laws by which she is compelled to pursue her diurnal round, thus spreading light and shade alternatively over the habitation of man, the soul, as by an instinctive impulse proclaims, 'The hand that made these, is divine.'"

Again she exclaims, "What a strange world is ours! What a mottled mixture of good, bad, and indifferent! Here ambition, envy, and every kindred passion strives for mastery. A vain ambition to be known as among the great of earth has lured many a deluded one to a forgetfulness of even nature's endearing ties. With the Grecian philosopher, they have plunged into a dismal cell, or, with a Byron roamed a wanderer, while, perchance, after long years of strife, an unknown grave has been their only recompense. How strange that he who boasts so much of reason should suffer himself to be thus tossed about upon the tempestuous ocean of passion."

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Among the many advantages afforded at Lima, there were various literary societies for the young ladies, as well as for the young men, where careful drill was given in composition and delivery. These were Miss Hardy's special delight. In no department were her natural gifts so manifest as in literary productions. Her talents were soon recognized, and she was frequently chosen to prepare papers for special occasions.

In all her literary work, however, there was the deep current of devotion and a desire to benefit her fellow students, rather than to win applause. For example, when a story from the imagination was the task assigned, she, instead of pleasing the passing fancy, sought to appeal to those still hesitating in their choice of the narrow way, and perhaps to strengthen her own steadfast purpose to pursue the heavenly road.

We can almost hear her, as with earnest voice and saddened face she read before the class the following story entitled, "The Decision."

"Emma C. was a young lady of ardent aspirations and deep devotion of soul. She had chosen religion as her pole star in early childhood, and its restraining influences had kept her thus far from the thousand snares peculiar to childhood and youth.

"But youth was now verging into womanhood, and, possessing as she did, a temperament all buoyant with life and vigor, she found it no ordinary task to repel the torrents of temptation that thronged her pathway.

"At the twilight hour, one lovely summer day, she seated herself by a favorite window of her quiet

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chamber. The outward world never wore a more pleasing aspect, but she saw it not; for her attention was all absorbed with the fierce conflict that was raging within her heart. In her musings she seemed to occupy the place where once the Savior stood, and to embrace in one glance of her expanded vision all earth's kingdoms in one moment's space. Never before had terrestrial joys been clothed in such fascinating drapery. Her wondering soul knew not where to cease admiring such glory as enshrouded all things beneath and around her.

"Truly, thought she, as her eye rested upon fame's proud temple, that is a goal worthy the ceaseless effort of an immortal mind. A seat upon its glowing heights is a position than all others more desirable.

"And why, murmured she, may I not win this prize? Why may not I the glittering coronet wear?

"Just then a messenger appeared whose dwelling place was in a purer clime than that which she inhabited. He pointed her to a secluded vale where the glory with which she was surrounded scarce found an entrance.

"There Emma saw some lonely pilgrims, moving forward towards a tiny star that twinkled in the distance. Their eyes, sometimes tearful, sometimes joyful, were fixed upon that shining mark, and they appeared indifferent to all besides. How gloomy, thought she, must be that pathway; compared with the illuminated one upon which she had been gazing.

"But suddenly her eyes were opened to see a peculiar glory encircling the brows of those care-worn pilgrims, a glory far surpassing that upon which she had just been gazing.

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"While wondering at what her eyes beheld, the heavenly messenger whispered, 'Wilt thou go in this narrow way, bearing the reproaches of the vain world, or wilt thou be caressed and flattered by its gay admirers?' Emma started back as she saw by mortal vision the joys of earth and heaven contrasted, and felt that upon her devolved the fearful responsibility of choice. A remembrance of early vows rushed across her mind. She thought of the baptismal font, of the secret bower of prayer, and of the consecrated altar where she had often bowed to commemorate a Savior's dying agony. But she thought, too, of the reproachful cross. She remembered how self had been humbled beneath its crushing weight. She asked, 'Can I still bear it? Can I turn from these glowing prospects of worldly fame and be more eminently a pilgrim in that narrow way than hitherto?' Here she wavered. Ah, the conflict of that hour! The joys of earth or heaven were hers to choose. Methinks the angelic host ceased for a while their strains of lofty music and leaning over heaven's battlements, sought to catch the response of that heart. The winged messenger, plumed for flight, awaited with intense interest the decision of that hour.

"Calmly and deliberately did that lovely maiden weigh that solemn question and decide to barter heaven for earth,—its joys for the transient pleasures of this vain world.

"It was done. On mournful wing the messenger of mercy flew back to his heavenly home and tears, such as angels weep, were shed over that doomed soul.

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"Again, years after, we meet the aspiring Emma, but how changed! Her simple attire had been exchanged for one of queenly brilliancy. Those hands, the workmanship of Deity, were laden with costly gems of rarest worth. The pleasures of earth were hers, through life's brief span; but, ah the end! Who can endure the thought! Dark, dark was the scene before and around her. The glory that once bewildered her youthful fancy had all vanished, and the chill pathway of death was soon to be trodden by her without one ray of hope to dispel the gloom. Truly did she exclaim as she gazed upon those glittering toys, 'I bartered heaven for these.' We would fain follow the disembodied spirit into the unseen world, but we forbear. For, O Eternity, who can fathom thy depths and bring hither the horrors of a lost soul!"

In the midst of all her duties as a student, in her changed surroundings, she did not forget that she had duties as a Christian. She manifested the same steadfast devotion to God as when amid the more secluded scenes of her home life. She followed the light divine so closely that her conscience was "quick as the apple of an eye, the least approach of sin to feel."

Sometimes she was tempted to impatience. Everything would seem to go wrong. A lesson would take unusual time. Still amid the peculiar trials of a student's life, she found her Redeemer able to keep in the hour of conflict, and to save her from impatience, one of her besetting sins. She felt in-

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creasingly that her personal interests were identified with the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth. Her constant desire was that she might be enabled through grace divine to win some precious souls to Christ.

Miss Hardy found tests here unknown before. She was a Methodist, and as such had ever understood it to be the privilege of all, both men and women, to take part in the social means of grace. What was her surprise then, when not a woman's voice was heard in prayer. One, two, three weeks passed and still the sisters were silent, save in singing and an occasional brief testimony.

She thought the matter over and realized that she would lose her experience were she untrue to the vows she had made. She decided that if she were obliged to stand alone, she would do her duty in the love and fear of God. Oh, how she was blessed and encouraged as she bore her cross! One young lady was converted and a young man sanctified as a direct result of her faithfulness, at this time. But during her first term in Lima, only three prayers were offered by any woman except herself in the weekly prayer meeting.

The next term of school new students came, some of them from those charges in the Genesee conference where holiness was beginning to be preached again by a Roberts, a Stiles, a Thomas, or a Kendall. The number of those professing holiness was increased and it was thought best to have a meeting for holiness at five o'clock Sunday morning during the fall and spring terms, and at half past five during the winter term. Student prayer meetings

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were also held on Monday and Saturday evenings from six to seven. These were all seasons of profit and blessing.

The Sabbath was to Miss Hardy a day of delightful service. She seldom failed to be present at the five o'clock prayer meeting held in the seminary. Then came the Bible class at nine, followed by the regular preaching service at the village church, which all the students were expected to attend. In the afternoon at three o'clock another service was held, and again a prayer meeting at six o'clock, besides the evening meeting at the church.

On Monday morning it was customary for the preceptress to meet all of the young ladies at what was called "Church Roll." Besides the report as to church attendance, several of the young ladies were appointed each week to prepare papers to be read the following Monday morning.

When Miss Hardy was appointed, instead of making it an occasion to win distinction, she inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Her one desire was that she might write something that would be a benefit both to herself and to her associates.

She selected for her theme, "Conversation." In the treatment of her subject she dwelt at length upon light and trifling conversation, unmeaning expressions, etc. It was, in short, an essay upon the abuse of the great blessing—Conversation. The following is an extract from this article:

"That the tongue is an unruly member is an old adage universally received as truth in the various

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ethical theories of the present day. But, with the many other branches of these theories, it is not practically considered as truth, for not many are found who do not glory in the fractious freaks of this unruly member. Some will even go so far as to defend its rights by saying that we have inherited freedom of speech from our valiant sires, and strong must be that arm that would usurp our rights.

"But, if we mistake not, the heroic purchasers of freedom contended only for the right use of the tongue, therefore no liberty was purchased by their blood to waste hours or even minutes of precious time in idle conversation.

"The practise of light and trifling conversation has become so universal that scarce a hand is raised against it, except in theory. And why is this? Its evil influences are becoming more and more manifest, and still the deadly infection is permitted to perform its fearful mission unheeded except by a few fanatical defenders of truth (for such they are termed). So deplorably does this habit of speaking what we do not mean prevail, that we are obliged to elicit an avowal of sincerity from our most confidential friends before we know whether to believe them or not."

It is needless to say that this paper attracted much attention and aroused considerable discussion, bringing to its author many temptations as a result.

A few days after she had read the essay, in the course of conversation with one of her classmates, she indulged in one trifling expression. So tender

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was her conscience that gloom immediately settled upon her mind. Instead of at once confessing her fault and obtaining forgiveness, she listened to the suggestion that so little a thing could not have had so powerful an effect.

Fearing that she might be led into fanaticism she turned from the clear light that had shone upon her. As a result doubt and darkness clouded her spiritual life that had so long been clear and victorious.

While still in honest doubt and perplexity the school year closed and she returned to her home. It was months before she discerned the cause of her darkness and learned by much spiritual suffering that sin is sin, however small it may appear.

While at home for the summer vacation, in the month of July, 1852, Miss Hardy was awakened one night by the cry of "Fire." In some unknown way the beautiful home in which she had spent so many happy years had caught fire and was soon to be wrapped in flames.

In the midst of those exciting scenes, while neighbors and friends were assisting in trying to remove furniture, etc., to a place of safety, she was quiet and composed. She handed, piece by piece, through a window, a set of dishes that her mother specially prized, not one piece being broken. Bedding, linen, and valuable papers were all remembered by her, while others, in their wild excitement, "threw looking-glasses out the window, and carried feather-beds down stairs."

After it was all over her nerves gave way, having received a shock from which she never fully re-

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covered. Her father was dazed and wandered about the ruins of the home that had cost the toil of many years, and never regained his former hopefulness and courage. A barn was hastily erected for a temporary shelter and Harvey, laying aside his own plans, took the entire responsibility of overseeing and assisting in the erection of the new home.

This misfortune made it impossible for Miss Hardy to return to Lima the following fall. Instead of pursuing her studies, as she so much desired, she accepted the position of assistant principal and primary teacher in the village school at Castile, of which her brother Harvey had been appointed principal.

The path of duty seemed unusually indistinct to her, and dark clouds hung over her prospect of usefulness in that place. She felt so weak and inefficient, and saw so much to be done that her whole nature shrank from the responsibilities of such a position as she felt assured she must occupy. Yet she was enabled to trust tremblingly in the Lord to direct her steps.

Time passed on and she found herself occupying a very responsible position, yet possessing but little moral strength compared with what she felt it her privilege to enjoy. She felt an increased hungering and thirsting for the victory she had formerly possessed.

Day after day passed and still her soul-struggles continued, until Tuesday, January 25, 1853. That day when she returned from school to her boarding place at noon, she found two letters from two deeply devoted young ladies at Lima. From these letters

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she learned that a glorious revival of Bible Christianity was in progress there.

Although her heart rejoiced at such good news, Satan made it a source of powerful temptation. She had expected to be with those dear friends that winter, but she had been providentially hindered. Satan tempted her to murmur against God for permitting her to be in such a spiritual desert as she found Castile to be, while she might have been enjoying such glorious victories in Lima.

For a few moments the suggestions assumed quite a plausible appearance, but soon the gentle chidings of the Holy Spirit assured her how ungrateful it would be for her to indulge in such a spirit, and in glowing characters presented to her view the victories she might there achieve, if she would but let the Lord use her in his own way.

She was permitted to have a view of God's power to accomplish glorious results through feeble instrumentalities, and was made to feel that it was not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord alone that the work of revival could be promoted in any place, but specially in Castile.

From this time she began to pray, with an earnest willingness to obey, that God would make her useful in Castile. She felt a gradual sinking down at the foot of the cross, and an increased trust in her Savior for power to do all his bidding.

The following Thursday evening, at the prayer meeting the Lord came in power to her heart. She began to pray, but soon her emotions overcame her and she could only weep before the Lord. When an opportunity was given she was much blessed in

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testifying, but not until Sabbath evening was she able to realize again the clear witness of the cleansing of her heart by faith.

On the Tuesday evening of the next week, February first, her heart was filled to overflowing with the love of God. This was the most memorable blessing of her life thus far, and that date was ever remembered as a time of the peculiar manifestation of the Lord to her heart.

About this time she came more directly under the influence of the elderly minister who had led her into the experience of holiness some years previous. He became like a father to her, encouraging her to counsel freely with him in all matters that concerned her well-being.

Naturally timid and reserved, few and well-tried must those be in whom she felt sufficient confidence to open her heart, and disclose her inmost longings and peculiar temptations. But to this friend her heart turned in artless simplicity, treasuring his advice and following his suggestions.

If she had but had his fatherly counsel sooner, the fifteen long months of spiritual darkness might, in part, at least, have been avoided.

In speaking of her prolonged trial he encouraged her by writing: "I almost wonder that you have not faltered and sunk into the common mass of professors while cut off from some important helps in these seasons of trial, but God has marvelously preserved you through this severe and protracted discipline.

"O, how precious to you is this fresh and brilliant sunlight that breaks upon you again from behind a

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cloud so dark and portentous. All hail! the sunny morning that cheers a pilgrim who has painfully watched away a long night of tears."

This same friend encouraged her in her literary work, criticizing her letters as to style, construction, spelling, etc. He urged her to write for publication in the following words:

"Do not shrink from using your pen for the Lord. That bestowment of grace ought not to be pent up in so narrow a compass. Write, write, write. The more you write the better you can do so, and the more you will delight in it. Correspond with all you can, but write on given topics also. Take the moment when thought is clear and inspiration full. Strike down the flying, burning thoughts and lay aside until you have time to revise, prune, or enlarge. Study conciseness and point. Use much time alone in coining metaphors and illustrations. The various branches of science will furnish an inexhaustible store. Read, think, pray, talk, reason. Keep all on the altar. I have feared that temptations to ambition and distinction might dim your spiritual vision, so that you would cease to diffuse that clear, heavenly light which has radiated from you in time past; but thus far you have endured the ordeal. O keep to the cross, rely on nothing for power but the direct energy of the Holy Ghost. Learning may be a channel of communication for power, but it is not power itself. The soul's true energy lies in divine strength. How pungent truth becomes when clothed with the Holy Spirit. Let your faith incessantly lay hold on Christ."

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CHAPTER IV.

School Days at Lima—Continued.

In the spring of 1853, at the close of the school in Castile, Miss Hardy resumed her studies at Lima. Here she was associated with many congenial spirits. A number of holiness students roomed in one block, so many that it became known as "Pilgrim Block," and the students were called the "Pilgrim Band."

There was much opposition, among both faculty and students, to the experience of holiness and a vital godliness that produced separation from the world. So great was this opposition (the same that was being felt throughout the Genesee conference) that it caused a division in the school and led to the removal by the trustees of Doctor Tefft and Professor Whitlock, two of the most devoted members of the faculty.

The Geneseeum, an organization of college students, withdrew from the school on account of this action.

Those were stormy days. The battle was set in array, and the spirit of allegiance to truth and righteousness marshalled the holiness forces and developed true soldiers of the cross.

Prayer meetings were held at every opportunity, and the burden for the triumph of righteousness and the salvation and sanctification of the students

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MARIET HARDY.

From a daguerreotype taken during school days at Lima.

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rested heavily upon the hearts of the "Pilgrim Band."

Meetings were often held in the "Pilgrim Block," where Miss Hardy roomed. An account of one evening will serve to show the spirit of earnestness that placed the salvation of souls beyond every other interest.

In the early part of this evening Brother J. K. Tinkham called at Miss Hardy's room. After some time spent in conversation about the work of God, he proposed prayer.

Miss Hardy and her room-mates united with him, while others, returning from class-meeting, hearing the voice of prayer, came in. The other students rooming in the building were invited to join them. Praying and singing continued until Brother Tinkham was obliged to leave, and the meeting closed. All but two or three had gone, when a Baptist student who had long been awakened upon the subject of holiness, felt so deeply the need of the blessing that she asked those remaining to pray for her. They knelt in prayer and pleaded for her, with that faith that takes God at his word. After an intense struggle of spirit, as she consecrated to take Christ with *reproach,* for her portion she received the blessing she had been seeking.

While praises to God were rising, like sweet incense from all their hearts, another student came in who had once enjoyed religion. When Miss Hardy asked her if she wished to be saved then, she replied that she did, and all again knelt in prayer. After a desperate struggle she gave up her gold and worldly adornments that had been the means of her losing

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her experience. Soon she ventured, by faith to cast herself upon Jesus as her Savior, and felt all her sins washed away.

Scarcely had they begun to praise God for what he had done than another student came in who had long been seeking for a clean heart. During the season of prayer that followed, this sister was enabled, after being tossed about by fierce temptations, to venture fully upon the atoning blood. She found the long-sought blessing by simple faith in Jesus.

Thus this memorable evening closed with thanksgiving and an increased desire for the salvation of others.

The following evening another hungry soul came, and the next night others, and so the work went forward.

Notwithstanding the casual observer might pronounce Lima spiritually dead, there was a little band which, Gideon-like, was invincible.

One evening the students assembled in the East Chapel for the regular six o'clock prayer service. The meeting commenced very dull and continued to increase in dulness for about half an hour, when the bell rang for literary exercises in the large chapel. Three-fourths of those present left the room. No sooner had they left than one of the students commenced exhorting with much power, saying he was determined to have victory or death. Another student expressed a similar desperation of faith.

In a few moments a sister sitting beside Miss Hardy, who had recently regained the witness of holiness, began shouting and fell to the floor, overpowered with the divine presence.

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The two young men that had previously spoken, walked back and forth, praising the Lord with loud voices. Unsaved students came rushing in to see what was the matter, much as on the day of Pentecost.

A young man entered who had lost the blessing of holiness. He was called upon to pray and was soon shouting the praises of God. The Spirit so came upon him that he could not go to his room without assistance. There he became so overpowered with the presence of God that he lay unconscious during all the next day. The unsaved would go to his room, turn pale, and go away. Some of the stout-hearted ones went so far as to give him a cold bath, thinking that would restore him to consciousness, but it did no good.

At another time a few students had been meeting to pray for a revival, when suddenly the Holy Spirit came in power. Some fell as though dead, others shouted the praises of God with a loud voice. The sound was heard by all around. Deep conviction rested upon the unsaved so that at the next meeting the room was filled to overflowing, and a number were seeking religion.

To the surprise of all, the principal and another minister were present. The principal took charge of the meeting and gave quite a talk about things being done in an orderly manner. He closed by removing the meeting to the most secluded room in the seminary, where if anybody shouted they could not be heard far away.

Miss Hardy being now in her senior year, and taking an active part in all these services, began to

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feel increasingly the reproach of the cross; still she remained faithful to her convictions.

An opposer of holiness, thinking to receive some unfavorable answer, asked one of the professors to whom she recited if he had noticed how peculiarly she dressed. To the surprise of the questioner he replied that he observed she was always becomingly attired.

Again, another professor, being questioned as to her ability replied, "Miss Hardy is a woman to be depended upon in an emergency."

Although she attended so many prayer meetings and was ever ready to pray with a seeking soul, still her studies were not neglected and she kept her place in the front ranks.

As she mingled in receptions and other social gatherings she had an opportunity for testing the position she had taken with reference to dress, but she found in her heart no inclination to regret being scrupulously plain. She felt grieved to see both those professing religion and those unsaved mingling in social pleasures as though God were for the time being forgotten. Yet there were times of genuine social enjoyment, when a company of saved students would meet for conversation and friendly intercourse.

It was the custom for a band of holiness students to go to some nearby appointment, wherever a quarterly meeting or a revival was in progress, and assist in the meetings over the Sabbath. Miss Hardy was frequently among this number. The blessing of the Lord continued to rest upon her, drawing her nearer and nearer to her Master. As new light shone in

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the midst of the spiritual battles that were being fought, her consecration deepened. She welcomed the precious light that continued to beam upon her soul. How narrow, how *exceedingly narrow* did the way of life appear. She felt in a deeper sense what it meant to follow Jesus. As the glory of the way cast up for the ransomed was revealed, the crosses, too, were not hidden. The Holy Spirit at one time seemed to direct her attention to the path in which she had walked and, as she saw the gradual rising into prominence which she had experienced, that same Spirit seemed to picture to her mind the panorama of her future path, should she continue faithful. The narrow way in which she was still trying to walk, in its forward course, kept gradually rising *up, up,* until she saw herself a traveler therein standing as a monument for the passer by to gaze upon. The position appeared to her no less prominent than the pulpit, although she did not then feel she would ever occupy the sacred desk. However, the question arose, whether she would be willing to stand with the watchmen upon the battlements of Zion and blow the gospel trumpet.

She had thought of the subject before, but never without feeling a deep abhorrence to the thought, but now she felt to say with all her heart, "O Jesus, 'Only *thou* my leader be, and I still will follow thee,'" even though the path lead to that apparently inappropriate position for a woman to occupy.

The impression lingered upon her mind that the Lord was about to lead her out to labor in a more prominent manner than ever before.

A short time after this consecration, she was

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spending a week's vacation assisting in meetings held near Lima. Then, in an unexpected manner, her consecration was tested. On Sunday morning, March 12, 1854, at Covington, after listening to the sermon, the impression came to her to speak out some of the feelings of her heart at the close of the sermon, in the public congregation. The cross was presented to her mind, apparently allowing her to act her own pleasure about bearing it. She did not feel that she would be condemned if she remained silent, but the impression was that if she did take this cross, she would receive strength to labor in the following meetings, if not, she would be comparatively powerless.

Many things were presented to her mind as reasons for bearing the cross, but she shrank back; the position seemed so strange to her, it could not be duty. While she did not feel condemnation, the approving smiles of her Heavenly Father did not rest as fully upon her as they had previously done.

The following week was one of conflict, and she did not feel the assistance of the Spirit in the meetings held from day to day.

The Sabbath came. She attended service at Burke Hill, and the question constantly arose, "Will you be willing to rise in the congregation this afternoon if the Holy Spirit leads?" She dare not promise to do this, neither did she dare to refuse.

The afternoon came. Brother Kendall commenced reading Wesley's thoughts on dress. A kind of satisfaction passed over her mind as she thought it would certainly not be duty to speak under such circumstances.

As Brother Kendall continued to read, the ques-

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tion came with more and more power. There was no choice left this time. It was obey or disobey. She felt she dare not disobey, but, O, how could she? It seemed like death to take that cross. She thought if both would equally glorify God she would prefer death.

At last she arose, although it was not until after singing, as the benediction was about to be pronounced. After hesitating so long, she had no freedom in speaking. As soon as she resumed her seat, temptations to murmur against God for requiring such a duty of her seemed almost irresistible. Never before had she experienced such a struggle.

The decisions of that hour with reference to a future bearing of that cross seemed to her a choice between heaven and hell. She came to a partial decision that if she could have God in no other way, she would obey. She returned to Lima, and the conflict was renewed with increasing power. She felt that such a course would be regarded by many, even those who had confidence in her, as out of place and fanatical. She valued her reputation too highly to be willing to incur the disapprobation of those whose approval she prized next to that of her Heavenly Father. She must have such evidence of its being the will of God as would put all doubt to flight.

She struggled on. At times the conflict was so severe that it seemed death itself would be a relief. She felt it was not to be a passive, conditional submission, but an active submission to obey at all hazards.

At last, one Saturday morning, April 8th, she went to her room with the determination to have the

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matter settled. Oh, the agony of that hour! It seemed as though soul and body would part in the struggle. Her soul was in its Gethsemane. An intimate friend, hearing her sobs and groans came in and, but for her earnest intercessions, the conflict must have been too great for human strength to bear.

This consecration to be God's *faithful witness anywhere* and *everywhere* he required, to her meant death to all earthly friends. No one she had ever known had been called to take such a conspicuous place. Her timid, retiring disposition shrank from any course that would make her prominent.

But could she lose the precious approval of God for the sake of saving her reputation?

Long she struggled. In that hour, think you not that the Son of God himself was present, as a decision was being made that would enlist a soldier on the side of righteousness, one that could be depended upon in the hottest battle?

At last, praise God, she was enabled to say and feel all through her soul, "I will be obedient, though the result be death itself." This was a martyr's consecration, and it was never broken.

No sooner had she given up every earthly friend and prospect, than the glory of heaven filled her soul. Deep peace pervaded her entire being; her foes were all vanquished and Jesus reigned supreme. Little did she think then how soon her consecration would be tested to the uttermost.

That evening a company of pilgrim students met in her room to prevail with God for his coming in the services of the Sabbath. After a prolonged sea-

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son of intercession the assurance came that their prayers had been heard.

In the morning when she awoke, the whole village seemed filled with the presence of God; so much so that some who knew nothing of the meeting the previous evening, felt that God would display his power that day.

Miss Hardy went to church as usual, accompanied by her room-mates. The sexton assigned them the front one of the body seats, a place they had never occupied before. Miss Hardy had no thought of any special duty until during the opening prayer. Then the Holy Spirit whispered, "You must be my witness and arise and speak to the congregation before the sermon, as utterance shall be given you."

She questioned, "Can it be duty to rise at such an unseasonable time? Why should I speak before the sermon?"

An immediate response was given by the Spirit, and she saw clearly that then was the right time.

Now she felt no inclination to shrink from the cross, although it was to be borne before college professors, students and classmates. The victory had been won. After the second hymn was sung she remained standing and asked the pastor, Brother Adams, for the privilege of saying a few words. He made no reply although she repeated the request. He had risen to commence his sermon, but as Miss Hardy began speaking he sat down. As she continued speaking the presence of the Lord was felt in power, and the truth was blessed to many hearts. It was indeed a time of heavenly glory. Two others

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followed her in testimony, and then the pastor commenced his sermon. He was wonderfully helped, the Holy Spirit resting upon the congregation in an unusual manner. Miss Hardy felt as never before the enduement of divine power, although she was pronounced insane by some, and by others was regarded as a fanatic.

Of the trying days that followed she writes: "I have had some hard struggles to keep my little reputation upon the altar of sacrifice, but the Lord has given me perfect victory over all. My reputation as a student, I believe, is fully given to the Lord. I have not had one temptation to think I was not in the path of duty Sabbath morning, nor do I doubt that duty calls me to bear many such crosses. I never had such intimate communion with God or such strong confidence in him. O, shall I ever grieve him more? I do love the will of God."

A friend who had known her for some years thus speaks of her at this time:

"How astonishing is the power of grace! Who could have believed five years ago that trembling, timid, Mariet would ever dare to stand up in the face of seminary and college faculties at Lima and vindicate the broad, stern, sweeping claims of the Lord Jesus on a redeemed soul. That she would dare to talk out from a full heart such depths of experience as would put all worldly glory utterly in the shade, and place the very reproach of Christ at the highest altitude of Christian attainment. Yet so it is. The voice to which I listened years since, when in half-smothered tones it spoke of burning aspirations within, has rung its clarion note of victory

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above the stormy elements in the very heat of battle.

"But it is all of grace—Mariet is gone. She lives indeed, but not Mariet, Christ lives in her." Thus was God glorified through her submission to the will divine.

But final victory had not yet turned on the side of holiness, although the little band of faithful ones continued pleading and contending earnestly for this. The Thursday evening following that memorable Sabbath, at the regular church prayer meeting, the Holy Spirit came in power. Shouts and praises were heard for some distance. This so annoyed some that when another meeting was announced for the next evening the church was locked at the time appointed. However, a service was held at a private house.

In the midst of this conflict Rev. Fay H. Purdy, who had been previously invited by the official board to hold revival meetings there, commenced his meetings. The blessing of the Lord was upon these services and many were saved and sanctified through his instrumentality. Those who had been proud and worldly became humble, active followers of Jesus.

But Brother Purdy was so violently opposed during the three weeks of his preaching, that he thought it not best to continue the meetings longer.

The cause of holiness, however, triumphed to some extent. There were at least fifty consistent witnesses to this experience, and such spiritual meetings continued to be held in Lima after the close of the revival as had not been known for years.

The school year was now drawing to a close and

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with it Miss Hardy's life as a student there. She loved her *alma mater;* to her it was ever a precious spot. The careful training and mental discipline received, together with the rich stores of knowledge gathered during the years spent there, were a heritage which inspired increasing gratitude as the years passed by.

Throughout her school life she had been making careful preparation for the duties of a Christian teacher. Yet at times opportunities were offered her to gain literary prominence and many were her temptations to aspire to worldly honors. Still, amid all these temptations, she was protected by power divine.

She had been a faithful, conscientious student, and when the scholarship of her class was announced, she was found to stand at the head. This was the place of honor and as such entitled the successful candidate to be the valedictorian of the class.

When Miss Hardy was deprived of this distinction to which she was justly entitled, simply because she had dared to do right, the temptations that came to her were at first almost more than she could bear. But grace triumphed in a wonderful manner and these words were whispered to her grieved spirit, "Before honor is humility." She was enabled to thank God with all her heart for this trying experience. She writes that she afterward realized more real advantage from the discipline gained, than she would have received from a hundred valedictories.

She was appointed to give the salutatory, and in a pleasing manner she welcomed the guests to the anniversary exercises of the seminary class of '54.

Later on the program came her graduating essay

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which she read. It was not thought proper in those days for a lady to speak on public occasions without manuscript.

She had labored long upon that article, spending two hours of careful thought upon the first sentence alone.

This production is here given as a fitting close to her life as a student:

Who Lives?

Life is an impenetrable mystery. Vainly has the philosopher of ancient or modern lore sought to originate some theory by which to account for the living essence which pervades all animate nature; his pentrating gaze has not discerned life's mystic fabric. Finite can not fathom infinite. But life is.

Intuition reveals what philosophy can not fathom.

Life in its manifestations, sustains a threefold character: physical, intellectual and spiritual.

Physical life pervades the mortal part of all that is: intellectual life makes man creation's lord: and spiritual life allies him to the Deity.

Of all animate beings that inhabit the earth, man alone is susceptible of life in its threefold character.

He only is possessed of body, soul and spirit. Creation's eighth morning found man possessor of this heavenly trio in its primitive purity and beauty.

A body of curiously wrought mechanism, as a citadel of the inventing, perceiving mind and the decreeing will, acted well its part. Mind was not clogged by matter then, but all harmoniously the

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body, soul and spirit of creation's crowning glory united, forming a being capable of enjoying the pleasures of sense, the intricacies of philosophy, and the presence of God. Nature's loveliest garden welcomed to its sacred retreats this new workmanship of Deity.

In Eden's bowers man lived not a physical or an intellectual life merely, but these were subject to the higher,—the spiritual life, and all bowed in reverential awe before their great Originator.

But did this true life continue? Did the spirit always rule the body and soul of man? Ah, no! Through sin's destructive influence another era dawned upon the human race. The spiritual nature of man no longer triumphed, but the physical now ruled.

Man ate to live when he first plucked the fruits of Paradise; but now he lives to eat. With Epicurean note he sings, "Live while ye live," nor dream of deeper joys than those of sense.

Time passed; the glimmer of reason's star pointed man to a higher, a nobler destiny. Another era dawned upon him. The God-like powers within struggled for preeminence and here and there they triumphed. Men rose from among their fellows like beacon lights to guide their degraded brethren to the Pierian spring of intellectual bliss.

The Socratic age with its philosophy, poetry and eloquence was the triumph of the intellectual powers of man over the physical and moral. Nor was that triumph brief. Long years passed before Grecian glory became dimmed by the defacing hand of time, and its influence is still felt by man. Reason

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illuminated nature's mysterious page and revealed to man's astonished vision some shadowings of the spiritual glory so long obscured. But dimly indeed were those shadowings seen by the light of reason. The mystery of Deity remained unfathomed still. But the moral, the nobler powers, gained audience in the living citadel; and doubt and darkness fled away when, unsatisfied with the joys of sense or with intellectual glory, man sought converse with his Maker.

An instant response came echoing back. God spake. A living Word showed forth his power, and alienated man gave audience.

'Twas then another era dawned upon the human race. Heralded by angelic choristers the meek babe of Bethlehem came to reinstate the spirit over soul and body. Such was the mission of the despised Nazarene. It was not the supremacy of physical or intellectual ability that cost the sufferings of an incarnate God, but it was the triumph of those powers which allied man to Deity. Could these have triumphed by the aid of reason only, as some have falsely taught, would Infinite Wisdom have interposed with so great a sacrifice? Nay, let infidelity blush and hide itself, while angels wonder and desire to look within a plan so glorious.

The triumph of spirit has come. Again the trio, redeemed by the blood of the Crucified, bows in adoration before the eternal throne and exclaims, "There is a God above, below, around, within."

We pause and ask again, Who lives? Is it he who revels in the joys of sense and forgets the immortality within? Or is it he who seeks by reason's

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uncertain light alone to guide his tiny barque over the rough seas of passion to the Elysian of his dreams?

Nay, he only lives in whom the physical, intellectual and moral powers retain their appropriate place, all harmonizing with the Divine. But is this reign universal? Are the body, and soul everywhere subject to the spirit? Not yet; but the perfect triumph shall come. The cross speaks not in vain; its renovating power is felt and will continue to be felt by man until the dawn of the millenial day, when all shall live.

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CHAPTER V.

The Venture.

The excitement of anniversary week was over and Miss Hardy returned once more to her home. During the following summer she was busied with every-day home cares. Her strength was frail, and often her daily duties were such that her physical energies were well-nigh exhausted. But under these changed circumstances grace abounded to supply her every need.

Early in September she enjoyed the privilege of attending the Genesee Methodist Episcopal conference, held at Warsaw, New York, over which Bishop Janes presided.

No sermon to which she had previously listened was to her equal in value to the Bishop's sermon on Sabbath morning. She felt that he occupied a responsible position in the church of her choice and that what he taught would be reliable Methodist doctrine. She listened with eagerness and with all the concentration of mind possible to know if indeed the views she entertained respecting her duty and the duty of all Methodists were similar to those of the Bishop.

When she heard sentiments so perfectly harmonious with those she had been lead to believe, the effect upon her mind was comforting indeed. She

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had such a view of God's mercy and goodness to her in permitting the light to shine thus clearly upon her soul as humbled her and led her to exalt the Savior. Her emotions were indescribable when the Bishop, discoursing from the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ" (Rom. 1:16), alluded to the evidences of Christianity,—that Paul was not ashamed of them. Her mind instantly reverted to the sure foundation Christianity had, as illustrated by Paley, Larrabie, and Butler, and she felt like responding, "The basis of Christianity is the 'Rock of Ages.'"

She realized as never before the benefit of the knowledge she had been laboring to acquire during the past few years.

She left the church at the close of that eloquent and spiritual address feeling more deeply than ever before that she was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, of its evidences, its crosses, it persecutions, its experiences, nor of being a witness to its truthfulness. She felt that nothing but a revival of primitive power, zeal, faith and holiness, would save the church from lifeless formality, and bring it up to the standard of that sermon.

Her heart prayed, "O my Heavenly Father, wilt thou empower me anew to be a Methodist, a Bible Christian, showing forth before all with whom I mingle the glory of him who hath called me out of darkness, into his marvelous light. Keep me, I pray thee, from taking one backward step, but lead me on from conquering to conquer."

Her soul by the eye of faith looked far beyond the bounds of time to the final triumph and exclaimed, "O I shall be with the innumerable band of white-

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robed ones, who shall come up through great tribulation. I am well aware that I shall meet opposing influences on every hand, if I live godly in Christ Jesus. The religion of the cross is no more popular now than it was in the days of the apostles. I feel like urging an uncompromising warfare with sin in every form. O may I but pass through this world with garments free from all defilement, and leave an influence for holiness and God that shall live while time shall last."

At this time she was passing through severe conflicts with reference to her future work. When she left school she had expected to begin teaching in the early fall, but no door opened. Her soul was longing for usefulness, but her various plans were unsuccessful. Even the half-formed plan of being useful by writing for publication was frustrated by her articles not being published.—(She afterwards learned that this was not because the articles were not acceptable).

What could she do? How could all this be reconciled with the belief in a superintending Providence? There was an almost irresistible power in the temptations to distrust God's providential care. Satan taunted her with her financial condition, and insisted that no way would open for her. The conflict was severe, but she was enabled to realize that Infinite Wisdom would do all things well. Sweetness and rest filled her soul, as she was assured that "Those also serve who only stand and wait."

Still her way seemed hedged in on every side. In years past she had labored faithfully for the salvation of souls in her neighborhood and home town,

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but the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit had been hindered so many times that she had felt it was useless for her to make any further effort to arouse the church to their great responsibility.

One afternoon, in a neighborhood sewing society, an article was read in which the passage of scripture was quoted, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Because no man hath hired us." These words were applied to Miss Hardy's mind with peculiar force. At once the views she had once had of what God could do with weak instrumentalities, were recalled to her mind, and the question whether she would be willing to stand in as prominent a place there as she had done elswhere, came forcibly to her heart.

Would she be willing to have her former associates say, "She has been away to school and now she thinks she can teach us," etc.? Her whole being shrank from such a position and she longed for a place unknown and unseen by mortal eye, where she might labor for the Master. But the burden was increasing upon her heart with reference to the condition of the unsaved in her home town, until she could only weep before the Lord and say, "Here am I, send me."

About this time she was urged by friends to open a select school for young ladies in Gainesville, her home town. She had even tried to obtain a convenient room, but had been unsuccessful. Her brother Harvey offered to buy a house and lot in the village and let her do what she could at school-teaching. She thought over her circle of acquaintances for one whom she could select as an associate

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in such a school enterprise and her mind was drawn toward Cynthia Eldrige, a Baptist young lady, as the one best fitted for a helper, since she possessed a good education, and had also been a successful district school teacher in the town. Moreover, she was a confidential friend and one of the two young ladies whose example had done so much toward helping her heavenward in her early experience.

Miss Hardy suggested to Miss Eldrige that she be a joint partner with her in such a school. At the time no reply had been given, and her brother had meantime given up the plan as impracticable.

One afternoon as these two young ladies were returning from a visit in the neighborhood, Miss Eldrige casually remarked that she had become quite interested in the idea of their unitedly buying the house and lot on their own responsibility and opening such a school as Miss Hardy had been contemplating. A train of thought was immediately suggested to Miss Hardy's mind, which soon resulted in the purchase of the house and lot and the opening of a school in Gainesville for young ladies.

This was about the tenth of November, 1854, and within one week the school numbered thirty-nine, with a prospect of more than fifty for the first term.

Miss Hardy wrote an intimate friend at the close of the first week of school: "What can this mean? I am going, as did Abraham, not knowing whither. It is all strange to me, and yet I am perfectly satisfied that I am in the right place.

"You can hardly imagine the effect upon the public mind which is already manifest. Scholars come here in preference to going elsewhere, even without

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any advertising of our infant school. Nothing but unlimited confidence has been manifested; everything, so far as I can see, combines to convince me that a nucleus may be formed here around which influences may easily be clustered which shall be felt throughout Western New York. Yet all has been planned and carried out in such an unthought of manner that if our institution should ever occupy an important position, I long to be there and proclaim to the world that the shameful yet glorious cross, is the foundation of the whole.

"O how my heart swells within me when I look upon this interesting group of young ladies and remember that were it not for this school, many of them would not be storing their minds with useful knowledge."

Thus was the foundation of the Gainesville Female Seminary laid in fear and trembling.

It was a daring venture, for it was no easy task to look after the twenty-two girls boarding in that one ordinary dwelling house, they with the two teachers, making a family of twenty-four. The youngest, the baby of the school as she was called, slept in a trundle bed which was shoved in under the teacher's bed, during the day time.

How carefully these girls and young ladies were watched over, and how tenderly was the health and comfort of each looked after. Every morning and evening they were gathered around the altar of prayer, this service being, to some of the number at least, very impressive.

At each meal as the teacher laid aside her knife and fork, every pupil did the same, reciting in turn

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a passage of scripture or some other good sentiment. What a task it must have been to look after and plan for the furnishing of the table, that each one might bring her share at the proper time and in sufficient quantity so that there would be no lack.

At one time, a young lady brought four peach pies, and Miss Hardy remarked that there would be just enough so that each one could have a piece; but alas for boarding-school mathematics! When dinner time came one of those pies was missing! Four mischievous girls had slyly taken that pie and eaten it. How bad Miss Hardy felt that any of her pupils would do such a thing! They were lectured kindly on the effect such a course would have upon the reputation of the school, and there is no record of any further trouble in that direction.

Thus it was that no opportunity was allowed to pass for instructing the pupils in correct conduct and instilling into their minds sound moral principles.

Miss Hardy was thorough in her teaching. For example, in one of her grammar classes, the lesson for an entire week was the "active verb love." At the end of the week all of the class that could conjugate the verb through all the modes and tenses were marked perfect. That class never had any more trouble with verbs.

The two teachers worked together in perfect harmony, sharing in the duties and responsibilities. Each pupil was taught to rely wholly upon herself, no cheating, no deception, no prompting in class or in examinations was tolerated in any degree by the teachers.

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The manners of the young ladies were strictly looked after on the street, at church, in the school room and in the family. Their morning walks and exercises were a beneficial feature, the teachers in the lead and the pupils following.

The building they occupied was soon crowded to overflowing. The people of the town were anxious that the teachers should erect a building and continue their school on a much larger plan.

Miss Hardy and Miss Eldrige were much in prayer with reference to the proposed project, their only desire being that they might establish a school for the higher education of young ladies, under deeply spiritual influences. They also hoped to make the expenses comparatively light, so that the school privileges might be within the reach of all.

After much investigation, the Mount Holyoke plan was adopted, the entire work including cooking, dish-washing, sweeping, dusting, etc., was to be done by the students, each one working an hour a day, under the direction of the matron. In addition to this, each boarder was to pay one dollar and a quarter per week, besides a moderate tuition fee. In after years it was found that an incidental fee should have been charged to cover the "wear and tear."

The proposition was at last hesitatingly made that, if the town-people would give $1,000 toward a school building, they would go forward with the above plan. Almost before they could realize it, the money was subscribed and they were under obligations to fulfil their part of the contract. The school was to be known as the "Gainesville Female Seminary."

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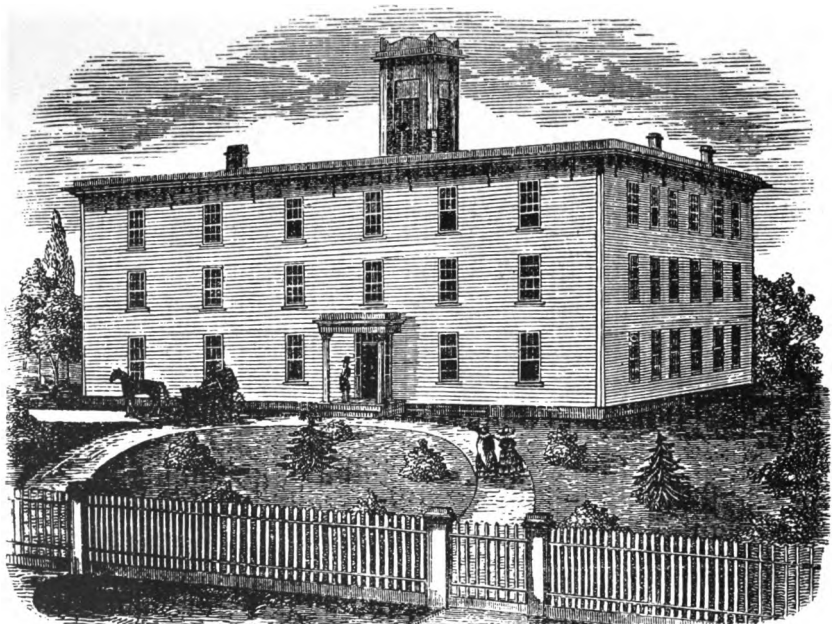

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

First Building.

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Miss Hardy's brother Harvey was a tower of strength, a constant adviser and assistant in all the planning and erection of the school building. The work was begun at once. It was an L-shaped structure, three stories high and thirty feet wide, extending sixty feet north and sixty feet east, and was located on a convenient corner in the central part of town.

Sometime previous, in the summer of 1853, Miss Hardy had met Delia A. Jeffres (now Mrs. Catton), a most devoted and spiritual, as well as gifted young lady. Their hearts were united in lasting friendship at the time of their first acquaintance. They had often communed together concerning the deep things of God, Miss Hardy receiving this friend as a precious gift from heaven. When separated they had begun a correspondence which continued during all the years that followed.

This young lady was secured as a teacher to assist the principals in the work of the school. They were also favored in securing a devoted and competent matron. A music teacher and a drawing teacher completed the faculty of the new school.

When the institution opened in the early fall, the number of students far exceeded their fondest hopes, the entire number enrolled during that year being one hundred and sixty-four.

It was the constant aim of the founders to have a deep spiritual atmosphere in the school. Miss Hardy writes at this time: "How extremely difficult it is to blend the moral and intellectual interests of students, so as always to give the former the preference. I fear I have been too eager to have the stu-

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dents attain a high degree of scholarship, yet we have two regular prayer meetings each week, besides morning and evening prayers. The young ladies are encouraged to have frequent meetings in their rooms. I do feel an earnest desire for the spiritual prosperity of our school."

The Bible was regularly taught, each student being required to prepare these lessons as a part of her school work. Miss Hardy had charge of this work and also led a prayer meeting each Sabbath morning in the principals' private room.

The students attended services on the Sabbath at the various village churches, as their parents directed.

This first year, as well as those following, were years of care and hard labor. The government of the school devolved largely upon Miss Hardy, while Miss Eldrige, being less reserved, was more familiar with the students, more easily winning their affections. The latter had entire charge of the bookstore where all supplies for the school were to be purchased. Miss Hardy had the care of the daybook, and all other financial affairs of the school.

Each teacher was taxed to her utmost in the number of branches taught. Miss Hardy at one time heard nine recitations each day, including French, German, Rhetoric, Grammar, Physiology and Penmanship, beside all her other duties.

Sometimes the principals found it difficult to keep the school work running smoothly in connection with the boarding department, the work being done by so many different ones.

Some of the students were a great care, but so

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far as can be learned not one was ever expelled or sent home in disgrace. The teachers had constant recourse to prayer, and in one or two instances at least, they continued all night in supplication. The principals, especially, were continually burdened for the conversion of the students. At the beginning of one term there were only six in the school family of eighty that professed religion. Talent, wealth and beauty were congregated there. What a field of usefulness for these Christian teachers!

Parents, hearing of the advantages of this school, sent their daughters from many different states, and Canada.

One of the Canadian girls furnished much amusement by playing "Old England, bright gem of the ocean," on the piano, with all the enthusiasm of a loyal subject of Queen Victoria.

Among the students enrolled in those early days were the daughters of Miss Hardy's sister Samantha, as well as those of her brothers Stephen and Lorenzo Dow. As early as the second year every room was crowded, and not one more boarder could be comfortably accommodated. More teachers were employed, and two hundred and sixty-four pupils were enrolled, including ninety in the boarding department.

Although there was an Advisory Committee, composed of six leading men and women from the village, still the entire responsibility of the school, its success or failure, rested entirely with the two principals. This allowed them great freedom, but also involved great responsibility.

When the building was completed and furnished,

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they found themselves about $4,000 in debt, including a mortgage of $2,500, held by Mr. Harvey Hardy. This debt was being reduced gradually from the income of the school. The principals held the property in their own name and were themselves responsible for all financial obligations.

Miss Hardy had a vivid sense of her duties as a teacher, and often trembled lest she should leave wrong impressions; but she did not shrink from duty. Her trust was in God alone.

She writes: "O for power to labor and wisdom to direct, so that the young ladies shall go out from this school to wield a powerful influence for good. God is giving us favor in the eyes of the people, but what matters all other prosperity without genuine spiritual prosperity? I feel fully determined to do all in my power for the spiritual welfare of the young ladies. It is astonishing how extensive an influence the school has already. All seem pleased with the arrangements, but how insignificant I feel in view of it all. I want to hide away from public view and do my work unseen and unknown. While attending a camp meeting I was introduced as principal of Gainesville Seminary. I felt that I wanted to hide my face. Our prospects in a worldly sense are flattering, but all indications of prosperity humble me in the dust, for I know it is not of human origin."

David Starr Jordan, the president of Leland Stanford Jr. University, who was brought up in the town of Gainesville, and who, as a special favor, received his college preparatory training at the seminary in company with another young man, was a boy

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about twelve years of age at this time. He speaks of Miss Hardy in the following words: "To me, as a boy, she looked fabulously strong and confident, in charge of the school of girls. We looked upon her with great reverence; she showed much earnestness and devotion in her conduct of the school."

Miss Hardy was of necessity surrounded by much that tended to divert her mind. Cares and anxieties filled her time, so that she often missed the customary seasons of quiet communion with God. She became very weary, and her nerves were over-taxed by excessive care. The constant temptation was to train up fine scholars at any sacrifice. The public literary society and the public examinations were a source of anxiety. It was with great difficulty that the tendency toward display and unholy rivalry could be checked. Yet in the midst of all she kept the assurance of her Heavenly Father's smile and was never happier than when leading a seeking student to her Savior.

One of the severest trials of her life came to her during the first year of the school. It tested to the utmost the consecration made at Lima on that memorable April day—to be God's faithful witness to his truth.

It was at a time when the teachers were specially concerned for the work of the Lord among the people of the town as well as in the school. Much prayer was being offered for the conversion of souls.

One Sabbath morning as the school family bowed at morning prayer, the spirit of the Lord rested upon Miss Hardy in a glorious manner. Every one present was melted to tears by the heavenly influ-

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ence so richly poured upon them, and she felt at once that it was the preparation for some coming trial.

That very morning was heard the death knell of a young lady in the village, and although she was not a student of the school, still circumstances were such that it seemed best for the school to attend the funeral in a body. This young lady, belonging to a prominent Universalist family in the town, died happy, the result, no doubt, of a trust in Christ to save, although the Universalists attributed it to a faith in their doctrines.

Miss Hardy felt keenly the responsibility of allowing those under her charge to be exposed to the subtle influences that must of necessity be felt in attending a Universalist funeral and listening to that doctrine. She felt it would be a triumph for Universalism, unless the Lord should raise up some one to bear witness to the truth. At once the question came to her heart: "Will you be a witness to stand for God and truth?" She dared not refuse, in view of her former vow; yet O, how heavy the cross looked! She asked that if possible, the cup might pass from her, yet felt like saying, in view of the disastrous result if the truth were not spoken, "Thy will be done."

Her position seemed to her like that of Luther at Worms, she dare not remain at home.

The hour came and teachers and school repaired to the church, where a large audience was already gathered.

The text was, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the

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Heavenly" (1 Corinthians 15:49). The speaker undertook to prove that all would be saved on the hypothesis that St. Paul changed his theme at the 35th verse of the chapter, "How are the dead raised up?" etc., from the resurrection of the body to that of the future condition of the soul.

So carefully were the false arguments drawn, and the conclusion reached, that the congregation was completely enveloped in the darkness of this modern infidelity.

Miss Hardy saw her duty so clearly that she dare not hesitate. At the close of the sermon she arose and asked permission to speak a few words. It was granted.

Ah, the loneliness of that moment! It seemed as though not one breath of prayer was in the room, although scores of Christians were present. She missed the bracing influence of prayer that she had felt when called to witness at Lima. At first she was confused, but was soon enabled, through grace, to rise above opposing influences, and followed the speaker's line of thought showing the fallacy of his argument. She had meant to give only an exhortation, but her mind would not be controlled.

She had spoken but a brief moment, when her brother Harvey, prompted by others, came to her and advised her to say no more. At the same time a leading Universalist arose and objected to more being said. What could she do further? She said a few words in conclusion and sat down. What a position had she taken! She was approved by none but God. Many of the students were angry, considering themselves disgraced. They seemed to have

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lost confidence in the one they had previously venerated.

Her beloved brother Harvey, feeling that he could not trust himself to speak to her personally, had mailed her a note in which he remarked that he thought it would take years for her to regain in influence what she had lost by that movement.

She writes to an intimate friend: "I feel, I think, some as Elijah did, could I find some cave where I could retreat honorably, it would be a desirable place for me. Yet I do not feel thus for myself, but because others feel disgraced. I do feel like glorying in the cross of Christ. I have no fear that the Lord will suffer my reputation to be ruined, only as I become with him of no reputation. I have the unclouded witness of purity of intention, and I can leave all with him. I shrink from coming in contact with the gazing throng. I am, as it were, being weighed in the balance of public opinion. I have renounced all for Jesus' sake. All I may yet be in the estimation of the people, I fully believe all, all, will be peculiarly the gift of God."

For a short time the entire town was stirred, and criticism of Miss Hardy's course was heard on every hand. Then, suddenly, all became quiet, and soon, instead of censure, the various orthodox churches began to realize how she had stood alone as a champion of truth, and they gathered about her with words of praise and commendation.

Her students also, realizing to some extent what heroism she had shown, in being thus true to the principles of the Bible, rallied around her with a renewed spirit of confidence and devotion.

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Truly, in being willing to lose her life she had found it. God had cared for his own.

Still, so great had been the trial and the sense of loneliness that her heart instinctively exclaimed, "Let me go to my heavenly home, away from the cold criticism of the multitude. I feel that I could greet the stern messenger with a smile. Rarely before have I thought of the blessedness of heaven, for the work to be done has so occupied my thoughts; but since that funeral, my soul has sighed for home. No longer is my soul fettered to earth by one tie."

Another great sorrow came to Miss Hardy during this eventful year. On the morning of February 8, 1855, her beloved father was suddenly called from earth. He had gone to the village mill, apparently in as good health as usual, but, after handing the miller one sack of grain, he fell backward dead, without a struggle or a groan.

A father's gray hairs had fallen by the hand of death, and she was fatherless. Nevermore would she behold the countenance of him who had watched over her in infancy, childhood and youth, with a solicitude felt only by a parent.

Nevermore, while tabernacled in this earthly house, would she hear his voice. But the hope of immortality sustained her and she was comforted.

In her journal she records her growth in grace during all these trying scenes.

"Blessed Jesus, thou Bridegroom of my soul, continue thou to dwell within, and reign unrivaled in this, thy temple. 'Without thee I'm wretched; but with thee I'm blessed.' The way of obedience to thy gentle voice, though it be that of the despised

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cross, is dearer to me than the titled honors of earth. O how can I sufficiently praise thee for what thou hast wrought in my poor heart. Once the smile of scorn possessed a dread to me. I feared the curled lip of scornful pride and withering voice of ridicule. My reputation, ah, with what tenacity I once clung to my reputation, but few can imagine. The being willing to be counted a fool for Jesus' sake, was the most humiliating of anything connected with the crucifixion of the carnal mind. I had fondly cherished the idea of being something in this world, but glory to all subduing grace! My heart at last exclaimed with entire submission, 'Go cherished schemes of earlier years.' They are gone. No lingering desire is left in my heart for the honor of this world. The narrow, secluded way where Jesus trod is now most lovely to my sight. I said no desire for honor is left. There is not, but my shrinking flesh complains when a view of the responsibilities of a public career is presented to my mind, and I instinctively cry out, 'Keep me little and unknown, loved and prized by God alone.' I sometimes fear I shall yet yield and shrink from duty, so does my whole being dread, at times, the thought of being prominent. But when I hear the voice of my Beloved calling to follow him through the gazing crowd or ranks of accusing priests and pharisaical defamers, my willing heart exclaims, 'I will follow thee even unto death.' O that I could express the weight of gratitude I feel for all that Jesus has done for me. O my Savior, help me to show forth thy praise."

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CHAPTER VI.

A Call to Service.

The seminary continued to prosper during the following years. As the cares and responsibilities increased, Miss Hardy's health became more and more affected. Her nerves were overtaxed by the continual load of care and her frail strength was giving way. She was, however, increasingly interested in the work of God at Gainesville, and throughout the church.

She was clothed with more power to labor for God than in the past. The Spirit was poured out upon the people, and during the revival held at this time she was enabled to labor in a special manner. Never had she exercised such strong faith before. It seemed that she could act for a universe of sinners. She could believe for the salvation of every soul, so infinite appeared the atonement and so free. In childlike confidence she claimed the promises.

At this time Betsey Sherwood, one of the seminary students, was led, through Miss Hardy's prayers and efforts, into the experience of holiness. Betsey later became one of her most intimate and faithful friends.

Miss Eldrige, her beloved friend and co-worker, was also enabled, after years of seeking to "Plunge beneath the purple flood, and rise in all the life of

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God." Although a member of the Baptist church, she became a clear witness of full salvation.

So great was the burden of soul for the work of God to go forward in Gainesville that Miss Hardy, with three other sisters, spent one entire night in prayer and supplication. The morning found them still pleading. That morning was the anniversary of the memorable eighth of April, when she covenanted to be a faithful witness to God's truth, whenever and wherever he should direct. There was no disposition to evade that vow, she felt like saying renewedly:

> "Give me thy strength, O God of power,
> Then let winds blow or thunders roar,
> Thy faithful witness will I be,
> 'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee."

The Spirit of God clearly indicated to her mind a more extensive field of usefulness than any she had yet occupied. When she would be called to enter it, she knew not, but she committed it all to God, feeling that if she might but be permitted to gather sheaves for her Master's garner, it would be enough.

There was no lingering wish to be or do anything only as God might be honored. Her heart prayed, "O God, lead me in that way in which I may most glorify thee, though that may be, to become a poor, wayfaring pilgrim, having my only business here below to cry, 'Behold the Lamb.' I care not whether 'Storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup.' If I may but know I am winning souls for thee, O Christ, it is enough."

She looked abroad upon the work to be done before the kingdoms of this world should become the

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kingdoms of Christ, and her spirit burned within her to spread the news of a risen Savior to earth's remotest bounds. Still her heart lingered most around the Israel of God. She felt an unutterable yearning to see the church apprehend more fully the hope of her calling. She realized the deplorable condition of the Christian church; how the spirit of the world had crept in and was excluding Christ from the hearts of many of his professed followers. She felt that nothing short of the spirit that glowed in the martyrs could save the church from the depths into which it had fallen. But she also knew that that spirit glowed in some hearts, and that the flame was still spreading, though opposed as it has ever been, by many of the great ones of earth.

Her own personal experience was being deepened. She saw such fulness in Christ, that all she had before attained seemed but a drop in the boundless ocean of love. She was lost in astonishment that she remained so near the shore. Her soul was athirst for God, to be lost in the infinite ocean, to go down into the glorious flood of love divine. She felt that although God was doing for her more than she could ask or think, still she was, as it were, only realizing the starlight, compared with the glory unrevealed except by faith. All earthly glory was but a mortal breath. How time dwindled to a point and eternity unfolded to view as she contemplated the plans of God, the glory of the unseen!

At other times she would be assailed by the fiery darts of the enemy, being left with such an absence of emotion that she could scarcely tell whether she loved God or not. But, after days of walking by

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faith, the clouds would disperse and peace would reign throughout all her borders.

Miss Hardy's most intimate friends now began to feel that God was calling her to another field of labor. She was nowhere so much in her element as when leading sinners to the cross, or believers to the fountain of cleansing. Sometimes, when busied with school duties, her mind would be almost unconsciously longing to be laboring more directly for the salvation of souls. The growing conviction upon her heart that she was soon to have a different work, was strengthened by letters from those who had known her for years and with whom she counseled freely.

One writes, "I could not believe when you opened your school, that your life work was to be there. Spiritual impulses have been at work in your heart for years that have pointed another way. Your present employment may be a process of moral as well as mental discipline, to fit you for another sphere, but God has so endued you with a power to labor for the spiritual good of others that he will lead you where your whole soul may be given up to the work of rescuing the lost.

"Moreover, your employment is so wearing to your nerves, I think any unbiased medical adviser would remonstrate against such protracted mental effort and so much confinement from the open air. You must have relaxation or your nervous system will be prostrated."

In opening her heart to Miss Eldrige, the latter acknowledged that her selfish heart had kept her from admitting before, that she had felt for some time

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that Miss Hardy was like a caged bird in the schoolroom. She at last was willing to give her up, to go wherever the Lord should direct, although it would emphatically be giving up her Isaac.

In a letter to an intimate friend Miss Hardy writes, "I still feel desires burning within me to work more exclusively for the direct promotion of God's cause, but I am enabled to leave the future all with him. I feel no attachment to any earthly position, I could at any moment, set aside every earthly consideration and enter at once upon the work of God by way of spiritual effort, should the door clearly open. These aspirations of my heart I realize are continually increasing. What there is before me, I know not, nor am I anxious. I am leaving all with God. If he has a peculiar, public work for me, he will let me know beyond the possibility of doubt."

In the midst of this united foreshadowing, Miss Hardy was taken suddenly ill. While in great physical agony, the question came to her mind whether this might not be God's way to lead her out of the school into another field of labor. At the close of one week's illness she tried to resume her labors, although she was far from well. Again she was prostrated. Three times did she attempt to continue her work, only to have her sufferings relieved by prompt medical attention.

Thus the term passed. The spring term began, but her health was such that her physician and Miss Eldrige herself, agreed that it would be impossible for her to remain longer in the school. Her nerves that had so long borne the heavy load of care and

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anxiety were prostrated, and on Friday, February 11, 1859, she left the seminary home, and the work upon which God's blessing had so manifestly rested; but from which his providences were now calling her.

Her father had made arrangements before his sudden death, that his son, Harvey Hardy, who had so faithfully remained at home, should have the old homestead, with the understanding that he was to provide a home for his aged mother, for Mariet, and for the brother Charles who was still living, but unable to care for himself.

The old home had been sold and Harvey, with his wife and family had moved into town, not far from the seminary.

It soon became evident, however, that Miss Hardy must have an entire change of surroundings, her brother's home being so near the school that she still felt its care and responsibility. Accordingly she was taken to the home of some dear friends in Covington. Her nerves were prostrated, but how kindly did these dear friends sympathize with and care for her. This kindness was never forgotten.

While here she held heart communion with Sister Martha Kendall, one of her most intimate friends. She remarked to her that she felt her life work was but just begun. Although she was not certain of the exact character of the work before her, yet she felt she had still a great work to do. She also spent some time with dear friends at Lima, the place surrounded with so many hallowed associations.

She felt an independence, even while among her dear friends, that would not allow her to become a

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burden to others, and as a result she was constantly overdoing in her efforts to do enough to pay her way. At last she was forced to admit that she was almost helpless. This was a great trial to her, but she reached a place of mental rest and ceased all physical work.

She soon began to rapidly improve in health, and, although she had scarcely been able to attend a meeting of any kind for nearly three months, she felt drawn to attend the Bergen camp meeting. The way was made so plain that, although her health was frail, she could not doubt but that it was in order for her to go.

She was made to feel that she should go forward in the path of duty and trust God for strength to do whatever he gave her to do, leaving even her health in his hands. She ever after found that her strength was proportioned to her labor. Never was she led to attend any meeting or to take an active part in any, but that she found strength was invariably given, so that she really felt better in health after than before. Thus was God true to his promises.

She had been much tempted to discouragement, and had become somewhat confused in her experience, until while spending a few days in Pavillion at the home of Brother and Sister Heath. This man of God was enabled to lead her out of this state into the clear light. The lessons of wisdom gained while beneath that friendly roof, were never forgotten.

After an absence of many weeks, she returned to Gainesville. Here she was assailed by fierce temptations; but, when tested in the most trying manner,

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all was calm and joyous within. She felt led to pour out her heart in supplication for her loved school, and felt assured that Heaven's blessing would continue to rest upon it, although it was doubtful if she ever again would labor there.

After a month in Gainesville, she spent two weeks in Buffalo at the home of Rev. B. T. Roberts. Here she met Doctor Redfield for the first time, and was much benefited by the truth heard from his lips.

Previous to this time, in 1856, Miss Hardy writes to a friend, "The Nazarite Methodists, so called, have issued a pamphlet which you have doubtless read. One thing is evident, the Lord is with those connected with this movement, and where God is the really devoted will be. I feel an earnest sympathy with the movement and bid it Godspeed."

Thus she was already united in spirit with those in the front ranks of this holiness work.

A view of the revival of holiness through the efforts of these representatives of the truth, was given her while at Brother Roberts' home. It was like a vast panorama. She saw influences emanating from these people which, in their final result, were destined to go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

As one of the messengers for Jesus, she saw herself going here and there. She felt that the great burden of the work was to be performed, not by the ministry alone, but that God was about to thrust out laborers from the unlearned as well as the learned.

Later, while at the Bergen camp meeting, she received remarkable views of God's word. She says concerning them, "Could the successive views of the

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Bible I then had, pass before my mind slowly enough for me to write them out, they would fill a volume."

This meeting was made memorable to her by many other experiences in things divine. From there she went in company with Sister Martha Kendall, to attend the Layman's camp meeting at Black Creek.

Here she was led to look over the matter of her duty and to inquire more definitely with reference to God's will concerning her. She felt that she must have such evidence of her duty with reference to work of a more public character, as should forever satisfy her soul. She presented her request to God, and, quick as thought, the answer came, "I have chosen thee from thy birth for a special work." Then the light shone all along her pathway from childhood to that present hour. She saw clearly how all her past life had been marked by the special providences of God, indicating his will concerning her.

Her heart exclaimed, "It is enough, I can never again doubt the path of duty." Meridian evidence put all doubt to flight. She felt set apart for God. Her time was no longer her own, but God's. She felt she was not again to engage in secular employment, but that she should devote herself to spiritual work. She did not feel called to the regular ministry, but to write, pray, exhort, reprove, instruct, in public as well as private. She felt called to be a practical teacher of the gospel, rather than a preacher of theological sermons.

Some months before, while attending the Gasport camp meeting, she had made a consecration that was to be tested anew. While there her attention

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was called to peculiar demonstrations of the Spirit. She had retired to rest for a few moments when suddenly she was aroused by a scream. She was startled and was tempted to regard such an expression of feeling as fanatical. How ridiculous it looked to her for any one to be engaged in such exercises. Immediately the question was spoken to her heart, "Would you be willing to trust yourself in the hands of God to be used in such an objectionable manner?" She became convinced that such manifestations were endorsed by the Bible in the text that speaks of souls being filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She found there was no small opposition in her heart to such manifestations, but waited before the Lord to know if such were, indeed, God's will concerning her.

The next morning while listening to a sermon by Brother Roberts, and seeing that he was not entirely free, she felt constrained to exclaim, "Lord, help!" As she did so, she glanced around and seeing all eyes fixed upon her, she restrained the Spirit's promptings.

She began to pray earnestly to be shown how it could glorify God for individuals to be thus exercised. In a moment the answer came. She saw that the great obstacle to God's work was the dead formalism so universally prevailing in the Christian church. Man's order had so taken the place of God's order, that the power of Omnipotence was stayed, only as those could be found who were willing to be used instrumentally in such a manner as to break up man's order. She saw this was the method God

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employed to destroy the wisdom of man, in building up his kingdom in the earth. Every doubt was dispelled, every question answered by the view then received.

She consecrated to obey God at any cost, but it was not until after long weeks of conflict that she was led to count the cost as fully and carefully as in the consecration at Lima, to witness in the public congregation. The time of decision finally came, and she committed herself into the hands of God to be used in any way, even the objectionable way of unusual exercises. There was never any controversy in her heart after that consecration, and the Lord protected her from fanaticism or demonstrations of human origin.

At the time of leaving Black Creek camp ground, she went to labor for a while at Belfast. She felt for the first time that she was going to a people simply as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

The burden of breaking in upon the dead formalism that prevailed in the church there, by speaking out in the public congregation in responses and ejaculations, was laid upon her. The weight of the cross was crushing, but she was enabled to bear it fully. As a result, the bands of formalism were many of them broken. She continued to labor there under the direction of the pastor, holding prayer meetings, conducting altar services, etc.

In spite of some opposition with reference to a woman being called to such public duties, she had the great joy of seeing several sanctified and others justified during her stay in Belfast.

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She again returned to Gainesville and was enabled to gain new victories over the tempter, in bearing the cross there.

On Friday evening, August 5, 1859, she left Gainesville to attend a general quarterly meeting at Varysburg. This meeting was held by Rev. Joseph McCreery and Rev. Levi Wood.

On Saturday morning as they went to the church for service, Brother McCreery met them in the hall, saying Brother Wood had not arrived and some one would have to preach. Turning to Miss Hardy he remarked that she might be the one. She replied by questioning the propriety of her so doing.

Brother McCreery said, "Watch the leadings of the Spirit."

The morning meeting continued until it was too late for an afternoon service. At its close, Brother McCreery announced that some one would preach in the evening, he did not know whether it would be a man, woman, or child. He again spoke to Miss Hardy after the service, but she made no reply.

She began to look the matter over and to question whether such a course was in accordance with her convictions of duty. She did not feel called to preach, as it is generally considered, still she felt that to address the people in a way similar to that employed by Phoebe Palmer of New York City, was embraced in her call to labor.

After further conversation with Brother McCreery, at the beginning of the evening service, he publicly called her forward into the altar to address the people. She did so and spoke for a half hour or more, her remarks being principally founded

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upon the words, "I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love" (Rev. 2:4). By request she also took charge of the altar service, inviting seekers to come forward. This was her first effort in taking the place of a minister.

She was occupying a new position for a woman. Not one who had identified herself with the so-called Nazarite movement in Western New York had, as yet, taken a similar position.

There was more or less opposition to her course, but the Master enabled her to trust it all with him and to feel that his full approbation rested upon her.

She did not again speak from a text until February 19, 1860. She then addressed the people at a school-house near Bear Ridge, and again in Pendleton she spoke from the words, "The path of the just is as the shining light" (Prov. 4:18).

The following Wednesday, February 22, at the request of Rev. B. T. Roberts, she spoke to the people at 13th Street Church, Buffalo, from the text, "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10:31). The following week at Lockport she used the text, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3).

She writes at this time, "I have no doubt as to whether I am in God's order in taking this cross, the light has shone so convincingly upon my soul respecting it. I doubt not that I shall have much to do in this direction before I die."

An aged pilgrim, James M. Cusick, who heard her in these first efforts to proclaim the gospel, says: "At a camp meeting held in Clarkson, New York, Miss Hardy was present and took an active part in

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the services. At the close of the camp meeting she preached several times in the 'Brick Church' in the neighborhood. I was impressed with her ability and earnestness."

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CHAPTER VII.

Co-laborers.

In every life there are heart experiences too sacred for the public eye. Nor would we lift the veil that conceals the hidden secrets of the one whose life is here portrayed. Yet when thus far every important step had been divinely guided, could there be any doubt that her Heavenly Father would direct in the most critical decision of her life?

In the choice of a life-companion, as in all other matters, Miss Hardy committed her way unto the Lord. For a long time the language of her heart had been, "Thou, God, that knowest the hearts of all, and art thereby qualified to choose for me, as I cannot for myself, as thou in thine infinite wisdom seest best, I leave with thee to choose for me, since thou alone art prepared to choose wisely."

Although naturally endowed with strong social instincts, she cheerfully resigned all choice in the matter to God, indifferent as to what that choice should be, only happy in the consciousness that his will was being done.

Step by step she was gently led, until she felt divinely assured that God had chosen for her.

In the midst of the conflict between formalism and holiness, when the hearts of all were being tested to the utmost, her heart was united to the

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heart of a fellow-soldier, who, like herself, was called to be a messenger of the gospel.

Meanwhile, the battle was being set in array. For some time Miss Hardy's mind had been much exercised with reference to the condition of the Methodist Episcopal church.

At one time there was not one preacher of holiness on the Wyoming district where she resided. She had felt the opposition to vital godliness during her school days at Lima, and her heart had wept between the porch and the altar. It seemed to her almost impossible that the fearful slumber which so palsied the church about her, could be broken by the voice of truth as proclaimed by those in authority. She longed to labor with those who were striving to arouse the church to a sense of its true condition.

Many times when, in answer to prevailing prayer, the Spirit had been poured out upon the people of her native town, the work had been hindered by ministers who were not in sympathy with the operations of the Holy Spirit.

How her heart was gladdened when she attended meetings elsewhere and listened to the stirring sermons of Fay H. Purdy, Loren Stiles, B. T. Roberts, William C. Kendall, Joseph McCreery, Eleaser Thomas and others of like character. She realized the work of God was moving on in the Genesee district, and its mighty throbs were being felt elsewhere.

Rev. Asa Abel, a man of God, seemed to early foresee, as others could not, a conflict in the Methodist Episcopal church.

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In view of the desolation of Zion, Miss Hardy exclaimed in the words of Bramwell, "Nothing short of a moral earthquake can break the fearful spell."

War was declared between spiritual religion and dead formalism. The powers of darkness raged. Miss Hardy writes to a friend, "I am a Methodist, but as such I can not endorse the dead forms and maladministration of discipline with which the church is rife. I say a holy war, even within the church, is better than unrighteous peace. Nobody gets saved fully here now without being branded as a fanatic. How infidelity is strengthening its bands and lengthening its cords in our land through the deadly influence of formalism. May the Lord raise up a people who shall not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, practically as well as theoretically. Do not understand me as advocating secession, but salvation, and that of God."

In another letter she says, "Oh, how my soul longs for the gospel in its purity, simplicity, and power! When will Zion's watchmen awake to a full realization of their responsibility as shepherds of Israel? There is so much effort among the ministry to gain the honor that cometh from men, that I almost feel like exclaiming at times, 'By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?'

"I believe, with Sister Kendall, that we need grace to face mobs in these days. I do feel, as far as I am concerned, that 'Through grace I am determined to conquer, though I die.' "

In speaking of Mrs. William C. Kendall, and other sisters who were active in bearing the burden in those days, she says, "It is wonderful to see what

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God can do with weak women. It is true that many denounce Sisters Kendall, Roberts, McCreery and others as fanatical, but I am not able to discover anything that is not scriptural in their course. I should say that I am in the same condemnation, for doing the same work, namely, exposing the sad departure among us from the old paths."

A noble band they were! Truly, "The Lord gives the word, the women that publish it are a great host" (Psa. 68:11, R. V.).

Mrs. Ellen Lois Roberts, a queen among women, was well fitted for the place that came to her in the conflicts of those days. She proved herself a heroine, always ready to encourage her husband, Rev. B. T. Roberts, and to lead him to a closer walk with God. She was clear in her testimonies and exhortations and later, at times, took a text and held a service, taking the place of a regular preacher. She encouraged others that were hesitating and weak to put on courage for the battle. She had remarkable spiritual discernment, seeming to know the right course to be taken at the right time.

Although she was not clothed with the ministerial functions as fully as she should have been, she was eminently worthy.

In this same revival of holiness, in the western states was found Mrs. Martha B. Hart, wife of Rev. E. P. Hart, a "Saint Courageous," indeed. Ever ready to drive the battle to the gates, she feared no hardships nor privations if the cause of God might be advanced. Her earnest exhortations, fervent prayers, and ability to lead seeking souls, especially in connection with altar services, will not

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Martha Kendall LaDue.

Mariet Hardy Freeland.

Ellen Lois Roberts

Minerva Wood Cooley.

Ellen Fuller Mathews.

CO-LABORERS—GROUP I.

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soon be forgotten. She stood nobly by her husband's side as he battled for the truth. Hers was an aggressive spirit, often, like the wife of Luther, inspiring courage when the outlook seemed dark and foreboding. She is still actively interested in the cause of God.

Ellen Fuller, later the wife of James Matthews, was the youngest of the pilgrim band and had been a pupil in Miss Hardy's school. She had been gloriously saved and sanctified in the early days of the revival of old-time religion under the labors of Rev. William C. Kendall. Her family opposed Bible salvation, turning her away from home for Jesus' sake. She was mighty in prayer and testimony, as well as in exhortation and exposition of scripture. She much resembled Nannie Cutler in the days of Wesley, being very successful in assisting in revival meetings. Many were brought under conviction and saved through her instrumentality.

Mrs. Emeline Smith was another acceptable worker who, later, with her husband, spent years in laboring for the rescue of the lost, in the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York City.

Mrs. Jane Dunning was a woman of more than ordinary gifts, an able and successful preacher of righteousness. She was one of the first to become identified with the pilgrim church. She was a tower of strength in the pulpit, as well as in other departments of gospel work. For a number of years she was superintendent of Dr. Sabine's "Providence Mission" for colored people in New York City. Her labors were owned of God in the salvation of many souls. For some years she was Chaplain of the

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Magdalean Asylum, New York City, preaching there on the Sabbath and holding social meetings during the week.

Mrs. Minerva Cooley, wife of Rev. William Cooley, who was expelled from the Methodist Episcopal church at about the same time as B. T. Roberts, was wholly sanctified at what was called the "Rainy Camp Meeting," and was ready to stand with her husband in the front of the battle. She was a sister of Rev. Levi Wood, and was naturally gifted, as well as devoted. Being clearly called to preach the gospel, notwithstanding the prejudice that existed in those early days against "women preachers," she entered many open doors, and received the endorsement of the Spirit in seeing souls saved and sanctified under her labors. The power of God would so come upon her at times that she became a terror to the wicked as she declared the judgments of the Lord. At one time she was so burdened for the lost that two sisters, one on each side, supported her, as she gave the message to sinners.

Mrs. Belden, wife of Rev. William Belden, a Presbyterian preacher, was recognized as one of the valiant soldiers in many battles.

Mrs. William C. Kendall (afterwards Mrs. T. S. La Due), was one of the choicest of these early saints. Charges had been preferred against her husband, William C. Kendall, one of God's noblemen, but he was called home before suffering the penalty that came to others—expulsion from the church. In all his preaching and labors for the cause of holiness, his faithful wife Martha was a true help-meet. "She was naturally very timid, but

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her determination and, above all, the gift of grace, gave her a remarkable, holy boldness in declaring and defending the truth either before great congregations or in private. Her plain, neat attire, with her kindly, determined face, gave her the appearance of what she was in reality, a Methodist of the old stamp."

Mrs. Delia Jeffres Catton, the intimate friend of Miss Hardy, was also a companion in the work of the Lord. Of deep spirituality, she mourned over the condition of the formal churches, and was early identified with the holiness movement. Her fervent prayers, clear testimonies and exhortations, were often heard at camp meetings and in revival services. She also felt the call of God to special work, and often took a text and preached effective sermons, nobly battling for the truth. Later she became the first principal of Chili Seminary. She was afterward married to Rev. T. B. Catton, and assisted him in the work of the gospel. She is still living, although in feeble health.

Mrs. Olive Teft Steele, a woman of "lofty and refined Christian character," was one of the earliest women in the Free Methodist church to be regularly licensed as a preacher of the gospel. She was divinely called to the work of the ministry, conducting revival meetings at which the church would be thronged and many converted and sanctified. Her heart is still in the work of saving souls.

Mrs. Janet Osmun, wife of Rev. J. D. Osmun, was another handmaiden of the Lord who did prophesy. Quiet and gentle in manner, but earnest and full of zeal when proclaiming the gospel message,

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her life has ever been a living witness to the truth she still teaches both with voice and pen.

Many others, equally devoted, might be mentioned.

We honor our church fathers, recounting their deeds of devotion and self-denial, and telling of the baptism of the Holy Ghost that enabled them to be valiant for the truth. This is well, but let us not forget our church mothers. Let a halo of glory surround their memory, and let not one of us shun a cross or compromise a principle for which they suffered.

Thus was the Spirit poured out upon both sons and daughters, as foretold by Joel, and they did prophesy. As in the days of Wesley, and in every revival of spiritual, aggressive religion, the handmaidens were called to labor side by side with their brothers.

Many, however, were opposed to the active part taken by women, considering them entirely out of order. Thus these devoted sisters were obliged to meet a spirit of opposition, not only from the formal, but from those within their own ranks. The Methodist Episcopal church did not license women to preach at that time.

Bishop W. T. Hogue thus aptly represents the condition before and after the organization of the Free Methodist church:

"There were two classes among us at that time—those who believed in and those who opposed women preaching. The opposition was largely due to that of ancient customs and suspicions of whatever has the semblance of an innovation. Many, however,

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Delia Jeffres Catton.

Mrs. Jane Dunning.

Martha Bishop Hart

Mrs. William Belden.

Mrs. Janet Osmun.

CO-LABORERS—GROUP II.

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conscientiously believed that both nature and the Bible restricted women to the domestic sphere."

Rev. B. T. Roberts was ever the chivalrous champion of woman in her right to exercise her call to preach the gospel, and encouraged his devoted wife, as well as other elect ladies, to be true to their convictions of duty.

Miss Hardy, keenly sensitive to every feeling of opposition, often endured intense suffering because of the spirit manifested by those in whom she had confidence. At the many camp meetings held in those days she would often feel led to bear witness to the truth in the public congregation.

On page 128 in "Why Another Sect," is found the following mention of her testimony at the Gasport camp meeting: "On Sabbath morning, after Brother Roberts had concluded his sermon, Miss Hardy, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a graduate of Genesee College, arose and delivered an affecting exhortation before the vast auditory. I am glad to see this feature of Methodism revived among us. When Methodism was young and vigorous, we had female class-leaders and exhorters."

At another Bergen camp meeting, soon after Rev. B. T. Roberts had been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal church, she was led to witness to the truth. Before going to the meeting, she felt that she was to have some heavy cross to bear, and continually prayed for grace to be true when the test came. The time came during a morning love feast. The preachers' stand was filled with the leading ministers in the holiness movement, including Revs. B. T. Roberts and Loren Stiles.

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There was a spirit of uncertainty among the pilgrims with reference to the cause of the action taken in expelling ministers from the church. Suddenly the Holy Spirit flashed the light upon Miss Hardy's mind, showing her that organized secrecy, in the form of Free Masonry, was the real cause. She arose and testified to the view she then received.

It was as if a bomb-shell had been exploded in their very midst. Many present, sympathizers with the holiness movement, were Free Masons, and it was hoped they would soon identify themselves with the nucleus of the new church that was rapidly forming. One after another testified, opposing the statements made by Miss Hardy, who had sat down nearly crushed under the opposing influences that she felt.

At length an influential brother arose and sanctioned what she had said, stating that he had felt the same convictions. Suddenly as if a mighty wind had blown across the vast congregation, beginning near Miss Hardy, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit came, as on the day of Pentecost. She was filled with uncontrollable laughter, others wept, many fell to the ground, some shouted, danced, and leaped for joy. The preachers looked on in wonder, not one in the stand being affected by this mighty outpouring. Thus did the Holy Ghost set his seal upon the truth.

In all the opposition and conflict of that formative period, Miss Hardy was sustained by the thought of the final triumph of righteousness. She realized that Heaven was no imaginary fancy, but a divine reality. She exclaimed, "O what will be the scene

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by and by, when I am permitted to gaze on the unfolding beauties of the heavenly world! Faith whispers, 'I shall see that land.' I realize that each succeeding conflict and victory brings me nearer the object of my faith."

One of the old songs that thrilled her heart was,

"Pilgrim art thou, here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power,
I have not a thought of danger,
Though the sky more darkly lower,
For I'm going, yes, I'm going
To the land that hath no storm."

Among the many that were touched by the holiness revival, was a young man living in the town of Allegany, New York. He had been clearly saved when nineteen years of age, and had united with the Methodist Episcopal church. In connection with seeking the blessing of holiness, some time after his conversion, he had felt the call of God to become a minister of the gospel.

His early life had been spent amid the hardships of the frontier, subject to the rigid discipline that such a life imposed. Although his educational advantages had been confined to those afforded by the district school, still his natural ability and the training acquired by a self-imposed education were such as to indicate a fitness for the great work to which he was called. The Holy Spirit rested upon him and led him to see clearly the path of duty in connection with the holiness revival then in progress.

At the time of the expulsion of B. T. Roberts and others from the Methodist Episcopal church, he was

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holding a local preacher's license and laboring more or less as a minister of the gospel. He attended the Black Creek camp meeting in July, 1859, and there first met Miss Hardy. A mutual attachment was the result. Although the young man was at the time an entire stranger, she was made to realize that God had chosen for her. Views of his future usefulness were unfolded to her mind by the Spirit, so that, as when David, the youthful shepherd, was chosen to be king instead of his brothers more promising in appearance, so now she saw in the "boy preacher" one who was to become a chosen vessel of the Lord. Their friendship rapidly matured into a deeper, holier relation, and love, the most sacred feeling that can inspire the human heart, now glowed upon the altar of their affections.

The following October, at the Brockport camp meeting, their somewhat romantic courtship resulted in Miss Hardy's betrothal to Rev. Jonathan Barney Freeland, the messenger of the gospel mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

The time for their anticipated union was set at no distant date, leaving but little opportunity for the interchange of thought by means of correspondence. Still, a small packet of letters, almost too sacred for even the eye of a daughter to look upon, has been carefully preserved.

The wedding day arrived, Wednesday, November 2, 1859. On the morning of that day Miss Hardy writes thus in her diary: "This is to me the morning of important events. My vows are plighted to become another's on the evening of this day in the holy bonds of wedlock. May God help me to be a

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faithful wife to him with whom I unite interests this day. I am only his in Jesus."

At an early hour in the afternoon the groom arrived at the home of Harvey Hardy, accompanied by his sister, Vina E. Freeland, now Mrs. V. E. Worthington. They had driven a span of black horses, hitched to a platform buggy, with one seat and plenty of room for a trunk, or grip, or whatever the bride might wish to carry back with them. They were strangers to all the family but one, and that one invited them in and at once introduced them as Brother Freeland and his sister Vina Freeland, from Allegany.

Preparations for the evening ceremonies being completed, and the expected guests having arrived, the bride, becomingly attired in a brown pongee silk, accompanied by the groom, entered from an upper room.

It was a quiet wedding, only a few choice friends of the bride being invited. There was the aged mother, her brother Harvey and wife, Miss Eldrige, Miss Delia Jeffres (now Mrs. Catton), Miss Betsey Sherwood, Rev. R. E. Thomas the officiating clergyman, and his wife, besides the groom and his sister. The exercises were simple, consisting of singing and prayer, followed by the impressive marriage ceremony.

After a short time spent in congratulations, all were invited to the wedding supper. This was as elaborate as the bride felt was consistent with her convictions. Her brother Harvey and his wife vainly urged that they at least be permitted to have frosting upon the wedding cakes.

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The following day the company of three journeyed toward Allegany, where a reception, or "infair," as it was then called, was held at the home of Mr. James Freeland, father of the groom. A number of guests had been invited to become acquainted with the new daughter. The bride immediately took the family of her husband into her heart and ever loved them and prayed for them as she did for those of her own family.

A few days later she writes in her journal: "I do realize that I have an unspeakable treasure in my husband; never did I realize such a union of soul with any earthly being. Our hearts are cemented into one by the power of Jesus' love. I know, too, that my husband's presence could give me no joy, if I realized at the same time that God's approval did not rest upon us."

Thus she was not to go forth upon her life-work alone. Her usefulness was to be increased by the protection and companionship of a true yokefellow. They were to go forth as co-laborers in the vineyard of the Master, with no earthly ambition to accumulate wealth or to secure for themselves the comforts and luxuries of this life. Their only aim, their highest ambition, was to be counted worthy of assisting in building up the Master's kingdom on earth.

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CHAPTER VIII.

In the Itinerant Ranks.

As in the days of the disciples, when they were sent out two by two, with no scrip for their journey, and with the order to make their home where they labored, so now Mr. and Mrs. Freeland went forth to labor, as the way might open, under the direction of the Layman's Convention or of others in authority.

They set out on their journeys in an open buggy, driving one horse and holding meetings in private dwellings, unused churches and most frequently in school-houses. They were entertained in the homes of the pilgrims, who like the early Waldenses, made it a part of their religion to entertain the brethren.

Often Mrs. Freeland expressed thankfulness for so many warm friends, and never murmured at the inconvenience of having no certain dwelling place. She was still frail in health and soon returned to her brother's home for rest and medical attention, while her husband continued his labors among the people. She often sent him encouraging letters, urging him to be true to his convictions of duty, and not to think of taking any other course than that of a holiness minister. At one time she writes, "O what a certainty I feel all through my soul that God will guide us into the exact position where we can glorify him most if we only continue to commit

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all to him. And this we do intend to do, God being our helper. There is a place in the vineyard of our God for which we are designed, I fully believe. We have crowns of glory awaiting us when our work is done."

Their unsettled condition, and the violent conflict going on in the church, together with various other circumstances, made the first months of their married life times of great temptation, especially to discouragement.

Sister Betsey Sherwood was a faithful friend during those trying times. By her faithful, fervent prayers, and comforting words, she often enabled Mrs. Freeland to keep from yielding to the many trials that beset their path.

Although in poor health, Mrs. Freeland accompanied her husband on several trips, assisting in the preaching as well as in other services. Brother McCreery arranged many appointments for them. At one time Brother and Sister Cooley accompanied them on quite an extensive tour, and made seven appointments for Mrs. Freeland.

In April, 1860, Mr. Freeland received his first regular appointment from the Layman's Convention to West Falls. Here was their first home, in two partly furnished rooms, in the home of A. W. Perry. Some furniture belonging to Mrs. Freeland was brought from the seminary at Gainesville, also a cow that was her property. Busy hands soon made the home nest attractive, while the kindness of Brother and Sister Perry made them feel welcome. In her diary Mrs. Freeland writes, "To-day we ate our first meal together in our home. May the Lord

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enable us to glorify him in this new capacity. I realize a sweet rest in Jesus. My little household duties require considerable time, but the Lord enables me to feel contented and happy in our new home. All I ask is to see souls saved and believers purified."

In May, they attended the Methodist Episcopal general conference at Buffalo, where B. T. Roberts' appeal was denied.

The new pastor and his wife labored faithfully at West Falls and on other points of the circuit. Bands were organized, and a weekly band meeting was held at their home. Mrs. Freeland was for many years her husband's chorister. Being familiar with all the old tunes, she could easily lead the singing. At a camp meeting that summer, she was instantly healed of a serious cold that was affecting her lungs. From that time, throughout her life, the Lord was her physician.

During the year, from August 6, 1859, when she first took a text and addressed a public congregation, until the summer of 1860, she records thirty-one different times when, by the appointment of others, she conducted a service, speaking from various texts of scripture.

But now a new responsibility came to her. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1860, a tiny, brown-eyed baby boy was laid in her arms, and the crowning glory of a woman's life was hers, the glory of motherhood. At first this gift was received with questioning, for she wondered if it might not be a snare to hinder their usefulness. But the mother pondered all these things in her heart and, Puritan-like,

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vigilantly watched lest she should think too much of the lent treasure.

At this very time, on the twenty-third of August, a convention met at Pekin, New York, to organize the Free Methodist church and adopt a discipline. It was something of a disappointment to the father that the advent of the little stranger hindered his attendance at this historic gathering.

On the twenty-third of September, at the urgent request of her husband, she again addressed the people at West Falls, using as a text, 1 John 5: 2, 3.

A few days later Rev. B. T. Roberts organized the band at West Falls into a Free Methodist church. Brother Roberts also baptized James Kendall, the baby boy, as he afterwards did all of their other children.

Mr. Freeland attended the first session of the Genesee conference, held at Rushford, New York, in October, 1860. He joined the conference at this time, being admitted on probation. Mrs. Freeland also soon joined the Free Methodist church, taking her letter from the Methodist Episcopal church in Gainesville. Mr. Freeland was stationed at Caryville and Shelby, their home being at Caryville. Here they lived in two rooms partitioned off on the first floor of a building, the second story of which was used for the church. Later a small bedroom was added.

Meantime the cow had been sold, and a bureau, a set of flag-bottom chairs, dishes, etc., purchased with the proceeds. More of Mrs. Freeland's furniture was brought from the seminary at Gainesville, and their home was made cozy and comparatively

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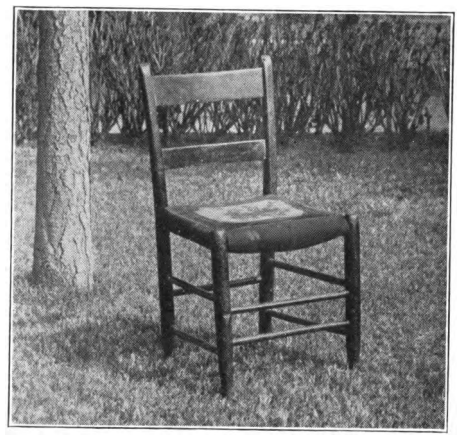
Chair used by Mrs. Freeland for many years at camp meetings, and later at church services.



One of the original set of flag-bottom chairs purchased in 1860, and known as "Mother's Chair."

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comfortable. Of this home Mrs. Freeland writes, "I find there is more willingness in my heart not to have any home, than to barely have a stopping place with scarcely any accommodations for friends. But I am dying to all such thoughts. I will rejoice if counted worthy to suffer shame for Jesus' sake. I used to think if I had a home of my own I should want it to look about right, but anyway only so Jesus is honored. If I were to have some homes for mine, I presume I would think too much of my home."

Here they incurred their first and last debt, throughout many years of service that followed. The horse they had been using was one that Father Freeland had loaned them. It now seemed imperative that they have a horse of their own. The open buggy was also exchanged for a covered one. They soon saw the wisdom of making it a rule never to run in debt whatever might seem the necessity. This rule was never broken. Mr. Freeland rented a garden, and by the strictest economy they succeeded in making their salary of one hundred and seventy-five dollars meet all their expenses, besides paying thirty dollars towards the new horse and buggy.

Many an evening the little family group might have been seen gathered in the one room that served for kitchen, parlor, dining-room and study. The father, busied with his conference studies, rocked the cradle to and fro, while the mother was occupied with other household cares.

Vina Freeland, the sister, was ever the good angel of the family. She took James Kendall, or "Kennie," as he was called, as her special charge.

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When the mother's strength would fail, she stayed with them for weeks at a time, and then at her urgent request, she would be allowed to carry the baby home with her for a visit at Grandfather Freeland's.

Thus the year passed, filled with labor, special meetings and preaching at new points, the mother often filling one of the appointments on the Sabbath. The Lord gave them souls for their hire, a number being saved and sanctified.

The next year they were stationed at Lyndonville, in Orleans county, and the blessing of the Lord continued to rest upon their labors. Here they had a more pleasant home. The preacher's salary was three hundred and sixteen dollars, which enabled them to make a few additions to their furniture. Here the pastor's wife made her first rag carpet, and for more than twenty years no carpets but those of her own making graced their floors.

In the month of April a baby daughter came to the parsonage. Years before, the mother had always signed her school compositions with her favorite name, "Emma," declaring that if she ever lived to have a daughter, that should be her name. Consequently there was no lengthy discussion over the name of the new arrival.

When the baby was a few weeks old the pastor and family attended the Akron camp meeting. During this meeting a terrible hurricane struck the camp ground. As the storm approached it had the sound of a fierce battle's roar. Large trees were blown down by the score, and many tents were laid low. Providentially one corner of Mr. Freeland's

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REV. AND MRS. J. B. FREELAND AND TWO OLDEST CHILDREN.

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tent had been fastened to a small tree, so that corner was not blown down. Here, during the hurricane, the mother sat safely, holding the baby, while the father with Kennie in his arms, was keeping watch of the storm, on the outside. Marvelously, but one life was lost at this time.

In those days itinerating was faithfully practised, and at the next session of conference Mr. Freeland was stationed at Porter and Wilson in Niagara county. Both he and his wife made it a rule never to express a preference to the stationing committee, leaving the matter entirely in their hands, and accepting their appointment as from the Lord. This course they pursued throughout their many years of service in the church. This dependence upon God to direct, is seen in the following lines written by Mrs. Freeland at conference time: "I feel much drawn out in prayer with reference to the future. Much is pending in the matter. This has been a day of blessing to my soul. I feel deeply with reference to our next field of labor, whether it shall be here or elsewhere. May the Lord graciously direct in the matter."

Mrs. Freeland, through modesty, was not appointed to a circuit as a supply, although it was understood that she would assist her husband as she was able.

Mrs. M. M. Robinson, who knew her in those early days, says with reference to her ministry, "I remember how I hung upon every word that fell from her lips, and even watched her very look. Her deep earnestness and spirituality impressed me deeply. Some of the truths she uttered while preaching one

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afternoon at a camp meeting from the text, 'Have faith in God,' have been helpful to me all through life, one sentence in particular, 'Faith leaps a chasm that reason cannot fathom,' has been especially blessed to me in many a trying experience. She was all in earnest to assist in spreading the glad tidings of salvation and to help souls into the way of life." Thus, although incurring more or less disapprobation and even persecution while going forward in response to the call to public service, her labor was not in vain.

While living at Wilson, Mrs. Freeland's aged mother died, leaving a great loneliness in the daughter's heart. It was a source of comfort to the mother to have seen Mariet's husband and two children, and to know that her daughter had a kind companion to care for and protect her.

The family remained two years at Wilson, and in April of the second year another daughter came to gladden their home. The mother was taken very sick with lung fever, and the life of both mother and child was despaired of. The disease went to the brain, and for days the mother was in a delirium.

During this time a camp meeting was held at Charlotteville, on their charge. Mrs. B. T. Roberts and Mrs. Belden became very much burdened for the healing of Mrs. Freeland. They retired together each day to pray for this, and after several days they received the assurance that their prayers were heard. They immediately drove to Wilson and insisted that Mrs. Freeland be taken to the camp ground. At first this seemed impossible, but as she seemed willing to go, she was carried there on a bed.

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Prevailing prayer was offered, the power of disease was broken and she began to amend. The tiny baby, Mary, coughed constantly, and it seemed that she could not live. Kind friends ministered to them in their need and tender nursing, with the blessing of the Lord, brought her safely through the crisis.

Mrs. Freeland's nerves were still very weak and she was tempted to wish that she might have gone home when so ill. One day the Spirit whispered to her heart, "If you live your children will be more likely to be saved, as no one can plead the promises for them as their mother can." From that time she began to take a new interest in living.

The following year they were stationed at Gowanda and Collins. At the former place, Rev. B. T. Roberts' father and mother lived and at the latter a Brother and Sister White. Both of these families were a great help to the minister financially and spiritually.

Mr. Freeland's health had been overtaxed by hard labor. There was much to be done and he did not seem to know how to spare his strength, for he was satisfied only when the work committed to him was prospering.

Being unable to take work in the conference the next year, he was superannuated and moved to Allegany. This was a great disappointment, but the Lord was merciful to them and provided for all their needs. Mr. Freeland was able to do considerable canvassing for sacred engravings during this and the following year and his efforts were unusually successful. At the same time Sister Betsy Sherwood, a faithful helper, took the frail baby Mary

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to her home for some weeks. Thus was their Heavenly Father mindful of his own.

In October of that year, 1865, another baby boy was added to their circle. He seemed the most promising of all their children, and in fond hope of future usefulness they named him Hamlin Redfield. But, alas! when but seventeen months old, after an illness of a few days, he was taken from them. This occurred while Mr. Freeland was spending part of his time as supply at Cohocton, in Steuben county. The mother wrote at this time, "My heart never felt so heavy a stroke before, but I do bow in humble submission and earnestly implore grace and wisdom to apprehend and profit by the lesson designed in this afflictive dispensation."

One day, a short time after his death, as she sat weeping, she looked upward and saw the most beautiful vision. There was Hamlin enveloped in a cloud, looking inexpressibly happy. He stretched his little arms toward her; but as he saw her weeping, a shadow came over his face and a look of reproof, as if she should rejoice instead of weep. Her tears were dried; never did she weep for him again. She could trust her Heavenly Father to do what was best. Often afterwards she related how she was comforted by the thought that had he been spared he might have been a drunkard. She had earnestly prayed with reference to each of her children, that if God saw that they would not grow up to serve him, he would take them before they came to the years of accountability.

Mr. Freeland now joined the Susquehanna conference and was stationed at Binghamton. Warm

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friends greeted them, one of the most devoted being Mrs. Sarah Stilwell, mother of Professor A. H. Stilwell, of Seattle Seminary.

Of her work here Mrs. Freeland writes, "I want to say to the glory of God that the first four months we spent in Binghamton were in many respects the best of my life thus far. My convictions concerning public labor have been confirmed, as never before. God has wonderfully blest me in giving instruction to the people publicly respecting their souls' eternal welfare. Four weeks ago to-morrow I did what I never had done before; went among almost entire strangers, there being but one sister I had ever met before, and held meetings.

"In the morning the meeting was at one place, and at another in the afternoon. In the latter place I was obliged to do my own singing, praying, etc., but it was the best Sabbath of labor I ever experienced. Though the crowd came as usual to see and hear a woman, God did so wonderfully help that all were held quiet and apparently convicted of the truth."

The pilgrims here had suffered much persecution. At one time, when meetings were being held in the old Court Street church, a crowd of rough fellows loaded a cannon with stones and other missiles and pointed it directly at the church. The pilgrims within, when they understood what was being done, fell upon their knees and engaged in earnest prayer. Those intending harm, worked a long time trying to fire off that cannon, but in vain. It stood there loaded for months, a mute testimony that God answers prayer. This was an earnest band of work-

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ers and God sent them an almost constant revival. The Monday evening holiness meetings, held at the parsonage, were especially blest of God to the good of many.

In October, 1869, another bud of promise came to them. When but nine months old, however, after several weeks of suffering, little John Fletcher went to join Hamlin in heaven. The mother writes, "Had I no hope beyond the tomb, my grief would be inconsolable, but I have a hope that reaches beyond the grave. Blessed be God forevermore!"

During their stay in Binghamton, Mrs. Freeland's sister, Mrs. Abby Burt, was called to her eternal home. Her loving heart could not be denied the privilege of at least attending the funeral, and she went in spite of circumstances that clearly indicated it was unwise for her to attempt the journey. When she found that in doing what she thought was best she had grieved the gentle Spirit, she became somewhat discouraged and it was some time before the tempter's power was broken.

When a distribution of her sister's wardrobe was made, the daughters kindly sent Mrs. Freeland, among other things, a beautiful Victoria cape and muff of mink fur. At that time mink was very expensive, and the set of furs could not have cost less than two hundred and fifty dollars. She sadly needed the furs and wore them a few times. But she thought what an example she was setting before that band of pilgrims. How would people know the furs were given to her? It was costly apparel. So at last, after much praying, in spite of the fear that she might grieve the kind nieces that had sent

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them, the furs were returned and the reason carefully explained.

After two years spent in Binghamton, it would seem a little hard to leave such congenial company, but Mrs. Freeland went smiling, rejoicing that she had been permitted to meet the many friends in Binghamton, and also rejoicing that she would soon meet new friends and do more work for the Master.

It seems almost incredible, but she was so lost in the will divine that she was never known to weep or murmur when called to leave one place, to make her home on another field of labor. Others might weep, but she would encourage them, and sing some of the old battle hymns as they separated.

Their next home was in Rose Valley, on a circuit having four appointments. Mr. Freeland had a young minister to assist him part of the year, but many times Mrs. Freeland was called upon to fill one of the appointments. She records twenty-one such occasions in her diary, and says, "I have been much blessed in public labor this year, I never had such enlarged views of truth with power to present them to the people." On Thanksgiving day, her husband was unexpectedly called away to attend a funeral, and it fell to her lot to deliver the Thanksgiving sermon.

While living here she was surprised by a visit from her brother Harrison, who had gone to the land of gold in '49. He was so tall and straight that he was obliged to stoop in order to enter the parsonage door. None of her six brothers was less than six feet tall, the tallest one being six feet four inches in height.

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Her brother, William Harrison Hardy, was on his way to Washington as a territorial delegate from Arizona. How breathlessly the children listened to the bloody stories of Indian warfare and shuddered as he exhibited the scalp of an Apache Indian. Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of gold pieces, giving his sister a fifty-dollar gold piece. What a mine of wealth that represented to them! How far the money went and how many things it purchased! What cared the children now for poverty; they could boast among their schoolmates of a rich uncle who, they hoped, would do fabulous things for them some day.

The people on this circuit were kind, and the pastor and his family were not allowed to suffer want. The work of God prospered at the various points and they were encouraged.

At this place the last member was added to the little flock, a plump little lady, named Sarah Stilwell, in honor of the one who had been so kind to them.

Mr. Freeland was next elected district chairman, or elder, as the office is now called, and the family removed to North Chili, residing there two years. Here Mrs. Freeland was unexpectedly called upon to fill a vacancy in the faculty of the seminary at at that place. She describes her experience at this time as follows: "My strength of body was very frail. I was scarcely able to do what was necessary for my family. The unexpected resignation of the principal rendered it necessary for the trustees of Chili Seminary to secure other teachers. One called to see if I could give any assistance. I re-

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plied that I was already bending under the weight of family cares, and how could I take more upon my hands? As I thought about it, however, and looked to the Lord to know his will, I saw light in that direction and felt it was little with him to give me strength to render any assistance in the school that was really needed.

"Time passed. All efforts to secure teachers from abroad failed and Brother Roberts felt he must take charge of the school until further arrangements could be made. I was again called upon to assist. Still I declined, feeling that it was more than my faith could grasp. I soon saw, however, that I was looking at matters from a human standpoint, and must change my position and look by faith.

"There was a little niche in the school that was thus far unfilled. In the providence of God I was prepared to fill it. Was it not duty to try and trust in the Lord for help? I soon saw the path of duty clearly and determined to do the best I could.

"During the fourteen weeks of the term just closed I have not been absent from my classes but twice because of physical inability. I record this to the praise of God. Truly none goeth a warfare at any time at his own charges. I can say from a full heart, this has been one of the best, if not the best winter of my life. God hath dealt very graciously with me. Blessed be his holy name. I have grown in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. I have never been enabled to gain so many decisive victories in my religious experience, in the same length of time. All glory to my covenant-keeping God! I have been enabled to make the Most High

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my habitation in a deeper and fuller sense than ever before. My place of defence is the munition of rocks. My bread is given me and my water is sure. Hallelujah!"

Thus she renewed her youth as she instructed classes in grammar, German, spelling, etc., as in the days when she labored so faithfully in her beloved seminary. Many are now living who were in her classes then, and they bring loving tribute of her kindness and faithfulness to them. One, especially, states that she was the chosen instrument in leading him to Christ.

After completing her term of teaching at the seminary, she assisted in supplying the work at Canandaigua. She also addressed the people a number of times in the church at North Chili while residing there.

Those were days of self-denial and privation. Mr. Freeland was absent on the district much of the time, his collections were largely used for traveling expenses, leaving but little for the home needs. Yet the Heavenly Father was mindful of them and they were not allowed to suffer want.

They next moved to Cortland, Mr. Freeland having been elected chairman of another district. It was the wish of the people as well as the pastor, Rev. J. A. Odell, that Mrs. Freeland should act as supply in assisting to fill the appointments on this large circuit. This she did faithfully and acceptably, speaking to the people over forty times during the year. The financial assistance received as a result was a great help to the family.

During this year Betsy Sherwood, being in poor

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health, came to visit Mrs. Freeland, thinking a change might benefit her. On the contrary, she grew rapidly worse in spite of all that loving hands could do, and after a few weeks of suffering, her spirit passed away. Mrs. Freeland mourned as for an own sister; the bond of friendship that had united them was touchingly beautiful. She writes in her diary on her birthday, September 12, 1873, a few days after the death of her friend, as follows: "The past year has been one of peculiar experiences to me. This concludes the forty-fourth year of my natural life. Through grace I have been enabled to reach some points in experience of utmost importance to me. My soul is deeply humbled in view of my slowness to fully apprehend the divine will and leadings. I have striven for the experience expressed by the poet,

'Let me into nothing fall,
Let me lose myself in thee.'

And again by the word of the Lord: 'Casting all your care upon him.' God has been graciously leading me to this point of rest many times in the past. I have found it for a little time, then been afloat again or drifted from my moorings. The principles by which I may be enabled to keep my rest in God are more clear to my mind now than ever before. He does give me rest from my enemies, and shows me how to keep it. Blessed be God! The Spirit said to me 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' The enemy withstood my return, but God has helped and Satan has been subdued.

"The sickness and death of my dear sister, Bet-

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sey E. Sherwood, has been the means of much good to me. O that I may ever bear in mind her counsels, prayers and testimonies. We are still one, though she has passed on before."

Mr. Freeland was next appointed local chairman in charge of the work at Utica. The three years spent there, either as pastor or as traveling elder, were years of blessing. A gracious revival was granted in answer to the prayers of pastor and people.

Mrs. Freeland, as was ever her custom, made her husband's work the burden of her heart. She could not rest content until victory crowned their efforts in the salvation of the unsaved and the sanctification of believers. Her prayers always accompanied him at the time of his preaching appointments whether as pastor or away on the district. As she pleaded at the throne of grace that help might be given to him, he was often specially helped and encouraged. She never tired of his preaching. Although she might have heard the same sermon many times, it was always new to her.

During the many years while he was away on the district the burden of the home cares came upon her. He would often return from an absence of several weeks, worn and almost sick. How tenderly she ministered to him, relieving him of every care possible. Then the laundering of his linen was always done by her own hands; his clothing cleaned, mended, and pressed that he might start on another trip in good condition. She herself packed his satchel, knowing exactly the articles needed and how

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best to arrange them to occupy the least space. Often Mr. Freeland would feel so poorly as the result of his constant labors, that the saints would be called in to pray for him before he would be able to go on his next round of quarterly meetings. She was his "private secretary," keeping him informed with reference to everything in which he was interested, and forwarding his mail promptly, as he traveled from place to place.

It was genuine self-sacrifice to have her husband away from home so much, but she would cheerfully say, "Other women spare their husbands for financial interests, how much more should I be willing to be left alone that my husband may engage in the Master's work."

From 1876 to 1879, they resided again at Binghamton, Mr. Freeland being local chairman one year and the next two years traveling on the district. While there the new church was built and the work much strengthened.

Mrs. Freeland found "Mother Stilwell," the same kindred spirit as before and often did they pour out their hearts together for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. "Mother Stilwell" never forgot the needs of the pastor and his family, bringing to the parsonage panfuls of the most delicious cookies, and always at Easter time, ten or twelve dozen eggs, that the children might have all they wanted.

In the year 1877, Mrs. Freeland received her first evangelist's license from the quarterly conference, provision having just then been made in the discipline for this official recognition of woman's call

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to preach. In 1879 she received a conference evangelist's license, which she continued to hold throughout her life.

About this time Rev. B. T. Roberts published a pamphlet entitled, "The Right of Women to Preach the Gospel." This was a great encouragement to Mrs. Freeland as well as to other women who felt the call of God upon them. It helped to remove the prejudice against such laborers. So great had been the feeling against the public work of women in some places where she had been called upon to occupy the pulpit, that a large part of the congregation would leave when she arose to speak, rather than listen to a woman. This became so embarrassing that she made it a rule never to take the place of a preacher, unless it had been previously announced that she would do so, thus allowing those to remain away who were prejudiced against such efforts.

She also made three other rules that relieved her from many temptations of the enemy and gave her peace and courage as she went forward in accordance with her call to public work.

First, she would enter every open door. Second, she would open no doors. Third, she would accept her husband's decisions with reference to her public work as the will of God for her, and leave the responsibility there.

Much of the time during those early years, when the children were small, she found it necessary on account of frail health and weak nerves, to have hired help in caring for her family. She was careful to have only Christian helpers, and those belonging to the Free Methodist church when possible.

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Many were the noble, self-sacrificing young women who became members of the home circle from time to time, thus making it possible for the mother to spend time with her husband in pastoral visiting, or to accompany him on the district, attending quarterly meetings, camp meetings, etc.

A rollicking band of youngsters the children were, enough to wear out the nerves of one who had not already used up her nervous energy in school-teaching. Many could not understand why she was able to go away to preach, or "to speak to the people," as she always modestly called her efforts, when she could not do her home work alone; but a short time spent away from the care of the family would enable her to come back refreshed and strengthened. As soon, however, as the children were old enough to assist in the work, no more hired help was needed.

No one ever offended the mother by the gift of partly worn clothing or anything that would be serviceable in meeting the needs of the family. They were in the Lord's work and whatever way he chose to supply their needs was all right. She would say when any gift was received, "Praise the Lord and thank ——," naming the one that had so kindly remembered them.

Many amusing incidents occurred at the parsonage of which the following is an example: A couple, somewhat advanced in years, had come from a distance to be married. After the ceremony, the bride and groom were left alone a few moments in order that the finishing touches might be given to the supper the minister's wife was preparing for them. Soon they were heard singing among other

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hymns, "This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not." The combined authority of father and mother was necessary to keep the children from embarrassing the couple with their suppressed mirth.

The family were often imposed upon by religious tramps and irresponsible people who made the minister's home their headquarters. Only once did the mother begrudge a meal to satisfy hunger. She had carefully prepared dinner for the children, placing the beefsteak in the oven for a few moments while waiting their arrival from school. The outside door of the kitchen had been left ajar while she stepped into the other room. She returned just in time to see a half-famished dog vanishing through the door, the entire beefsteak in his possession. She tried in vain to stop him and at last, when she saw it was of no avail, she exclaimed, "I am righteously indignant." That was the nearest she was ever known to being angry, and she apologized to the children for not being more patient then.

Thus the years rolled by. From Binghamton they moved to Syracuse, the change of residence being made necessary by Mr. Freeland's being elected chairman of the Syracuse district. Two years were happily spent here, Rev. W. H. Clark being the pastor. He often called upon Mrs. Freeland to occupy his pulpit, advising and counseling with her. She constantly carried the work upon her heart, and the minister says that he felt his sermons were always "backed up" with her "Amens" and personal influence and that she was ever the center of helpful influence, never the opposite.

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The pastor's wife, Mrs. Ella Southworth Clark, thus expresses Mrs. Freeland's deep interest in her welfare: "Can I ever forget while life lasts that when I was only a girl as yet, and far away from my own mother, this dear mother, who had three girls of her own to bear on her heart to the Lord, added me to her own in daily prayer and intercession. She was an inspiration to me, and many a kind, motherly bit of advice did she give me. There was always a word of encouragement and an earnest exhortation to keep to the 'old ways' and stand by the 'ancient landmarks.' It was always a source of strength to be in her company. Her loyalty to her convictions and to the church and the gladness with which she followed the same were a great uplift to me."

Mrs. Freeland labored earnestly in the Sabbath-school and in the social means of grace, being especially anxious that every member should be clear in the experience of holiness.

Those were close years financially, and little did the people realize the "poverty burden" that was being borne so uncomplainingly.

The following year Mr. Freeland's health, which for some time had been failing under his abundant labors, again gave way, and he was superannuated. The family removed to Clyde, circumstances making it necessary for the two older children to do the packing and moving alone.

The next year, while still superannuated, he was appointed a supply on the Dunkirk and Fredonia charge in the Genesee conference.

Mrs. Freeland tenderly cared for her husband during these years of failing health, and did much

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to relieve him in the hard work of the circuit, preaching many times during the year.

In the fall of 1884, Mr. Freeland again joined the Genesee conference, and was elected district chairman of the Chautauqua district, the family living at Forestville. Here Mrs. Freeland assisted in supplying the pulpit, preaching about twenty-five times during the year.

Twenty-six years had now passed since the two co-laborers entered upon their work for the Master. The blessing of the Lord had rested richly upon them and many had been saved and built up in holiness as a result of their labors. They had had no certain dwelling-place, neither had they laid up any treasure upon earth; but they felt that they had laid up a little treasure on the other shore, and that the approval of their Heavenly Father rested upon their efforts.

Mrs. Freeland, although often frail in strength, had been faithful to the charge committed to her. Her earnest sermons, clear testimonies, shining face, and plain, neat appearance made her always welcome as a pastor's wife. No charge ever hesitated to accept Mr. Freeland as a pastor because of any objection to his wife. Thus had God blessed her and made her a blessing.

The consecration of her love of home made in earlier years had been tested, but God had "kept that which had been committed to his care."

Rev. M. N. Downing, who often listened to her sermons at camp meetings and other general gatherings, thus speaks of her: "Of all the women preachers, of the Free Methodist church in those

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years, she was superior. First, in being more methodical, having ability to see her points clearly and to present them in such a manner as to be clear to others. Second, she was sound in doctrine. For example, when speaking on the subject of 'Perfection,' she first classified the various kinds of perfection—Absolute, Angelic, Adamic and Christian. Then she proceeded to show clearly what was and what was not meant by Christian perfection. She was a remarkable illustration of the benefits of early piety during a long life in many departments of work for the kingdom."

The following is an outline of one of her sermon sketches: Text, Matt. 21:28—"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

1. Introduction—The gospel invitation is two fold.
    1. To get good.
    2. To do good.
2. What is the work?
    1. Exclusive—My vineyard.
    2. Self-denying.
    3. Cross-bearing.
    4. Self-sacrificing.
3. How is it to be done?
    1. Willingly.
    2. Gladly.
    3. Hopefully.
    4. Courageously.
    5. Prayerfully.
    6. In faith.
4. Why must the work be done?

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1. Our own souls will be lost.
2. Others will be lost.
3. We shall lose the reward.

5. When is the work to be done?
   1. In time. No work in the grave.
   2. To-day.
6. Results of working.
   1. Our own souls will be kept in health —"He that watereth shall be watered also himself."
   2. Others will receive good—"He that goeth forth and weepeth," etc.

In closing this chapter it may be of interest to notice some of her favorite texts:

Isaiah 8:20—"To the law and to the testimony."

John 18:38—"What is truth?"

1 Peter 2:9—"A peculiar people," etc.

1 Kings 18:21—"How long halt ye between two opinions?"

Habakkuk 3:2—"O Lord, revive thy work."

Joshua 24:15—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

Isaiah 61:1, 2—"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me."

Hebrews 13:8—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday," etc.

1 Chron. 29:5—"Who then is willing to consecrate," etc.

Luke 12:32—"Fear not, little flock."

John 5:39—"Search the scriptures."

Matt. 11:28-30—"What is it to be a Christian?"

Rev. 2:4—"I have somewhat against thee."

Isaiah 12:2—"I will trust and not be afraid."

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CHAPTER IX.

A Mother's Problems.

If one should succeed as a student, a writer, a teacher, or even as a preacher, and yet fail as a parent, the whole life would be marred and pathetic.

At the risk of personalities and of revealing what may seem private affairs, yet without which the most charming pictures of this life history would be incomplete, the author has attempted to give some glimpses of this mother-heart in its inner sanctuary, its holy of holies.

To Mrs. Freeland, as expressed in her own words, "The estate of motherhood is more exalted than that of any earthly potentate. Hers is a school of no vacation for many long, weary years. But not so long if the mother's heart be filled with tender love and patient hope for her child. Mark the interest taken in the first apparent recognition of mother's face. Ah, what joy beams from that careworn countenance, when infant lips first lisp the mother's name. Happy the mother who is able to answer the queries of her little one with a full knowledge of the Father's love and will in her heart. Ah, who may venture upon the holy precincts of motherhood, without the preparation found alone in personal piety! 'Tis hers, then, to launch the tiny barque

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upon life's rough sea, and to pilot it until capable of self-management."

Realizing thus her responsibilities and privileges, she considered the claims of her children as second to none. Each of the six children committed to her care was consecrated to God in earliest infancy. She had no other ambition for them than that God's will should be accomplished in their lives, and to this end she prayed, toiled and suffered.

The principles which she early adopted as a means for securing what she most desired were: First, Consecrating the children to God in baptism; second, Instructing them and praying for and with them; third, Training them in harmony with Bible teaching; fourth, Mighty faith in the promises of God.

When still too young to understand, the mother would take her little ones with her into the secret closet where she poured out her heart to God in earnest supplication. They were surrounded from infancy with an atmosphere of prayer. As soon as they could lisp the words, they were taught, "Now I lay me down to sleep," being encouraged to add petitions for each member of the family as they knelt at night at mother's knee. Then, after a good-night kiss from each one, to both father and mother, the little ones would be sung to sleep with, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," and other favorite lullabies. At the morning worship all joined in repeating "the Lord's prayer."

Through all the years spent at home, often the first sound that would greet the children in the morning, would be mother's voice as she would rise

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early to have undisturbed communion with her Heavenly Father.

The most sacred hour of the week, around which hallowed memories cluster, was the twilight hour of the Sabbath day. No matter how pressing other duties might be, or what company was in the home, the mother would gather her little flock around her and as carefully and prayerfully instruct them as if she were in reality tracing lines upon pure white marble, never to be effaced. How they enjoyed singing with her, even before they could frame the words, only catching the inspiration of the hymn! Then would follow the catechism of her own making, beginning with, "Who was the first man? Who was the first woman?" until as they grew older, it extended to the kings of Israel and the twelve apostles. What enthusiasm to see which one could answer the most questions without a mistake!

Next came the Bible verses, after which the mother would tenderly question them about their conduct during the past week, pointing out where they might improve. Often the children would be in tears, asking first the mother's forgiveness and then the forgiveness of each other, as they remembered acts of unkindness and selfishness. Then they would all kneel in prayer, while the mother prayed for each one by name, telling the Heavenly Father of each child's weaknesses and needs.

The children would follow, confessing their sinfulness and asking forgiveness. How near heaven seemed then, how easy to ask and receive in childlike faith! They would arise with shining faces, joyfully telling of the blessing they had received. A

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weekly revival was often necessary to keep the heart-records clean.

As the children grew older and understood what real conversion and Christian service meant, they would sometimes hesitate and draw back. Still, however indifferent and thoughtless they might be at other times, when the Sabbath hour came, no one was excused from at least a form of prayer, that served to hold them from drifting far away. In times of real decision and of crisis in their lives, it was at this hour that consecrations were made and a mother's burdened heart would wrestle with God, Jacob-like, taking no denial. She would often say in the words of Mrs. Booth of the Salvation Army, "I cannot, and I will not raise a child for the devil." This was the desperation of faith.

At one time, when she and her little ones were visiting friends that were unsaved, and where there was no family altar, she went quietly to each bed where her children had been tucked away and, gathering them in her own room, had prayer with them before they were allowed to go to sleep for the night.

Both father and mother believed heartily in the annual "Feast of Tabernacles;" it was their custom to attend, as a family, at least one camp meeting each summer. The mother called these gatherings, "Free Methodist picnics," and maintained that as the church did not believe in picnics the children had a right to attend camp meeting.

Many weary days of toil were necessary to prepare clothing sufficient for a ten days' camping in the hot summer time, besides the extra cooking;

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but it was in the Master's service and for the advancement of his kingdom.

And how the children enjoyed it! The clean, white tents, beds of fragrant straw and hemlock boughs. Then when all was quiet at night to listen to the crickets, katydids and chipmunks as they echoed their familiar calls. There was an atmosphere of worship, yet not the reverence felt in the church at home. They were permitted to run about and gather berries and wild flowers between services, but during service they either attended, or remained quietly at their tent.

The children's meeting was their special delight. Little did the ministers, who did their best to make the gospel plain for the children, realize the harvest that would come from the seed they were sowing in the many young hearts.

As a result of the sacrifice and effort necessary to take all of the children to these means of grace, two of them were first clearly converted at camp meetings. The parents were not content until each child had a clear witness of sins forgiven. They might be vascillating for some years, but if once clearly saved, they could never doubt the reality of conversion. Father and mother also believed that the lambs should be in the fold, and as a result of their faithful prayers and labors all were members of the Free Methodist church before fourteen years of age, one joining when eleven, and another when twelve years old. This was an anchor that held them many times when discouraged and tempted to give up.

The following account of her son's conversion is

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given in the mother's own words: "We had brought up our children strictly, believing the scripture, 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' I do not believe this scripture means that our children should spend their lives in sin and be saved in old age, but that they shall be kept from sin and saved to the work of God.

"We had not allowed our son to go out at night with the young people of the town as so many Christians of to-day do. When he grew older he felt the restraint and asked to be allowed to go with the other boys. We always answered him firmly, giving him the reasons. Finally the test came and he said, 'If you will not let me go, I will run away.' I said, 'No, my son, we can never give our consent for you to do wrong or to start in a downward course.' Here is where so many parents and teachers fail. They argue, 'If he should break away from discipline, by running away, it would be far worse than being allowed to remain at home or in school and compromising the matter.' And so they yield, with what sad results. The child has the consent of the parent to do wrong and he obtains that consent by a threat. The parent has lost his ground of faith, and the child starts on a course from which only God in his mercy can save him.

"But I did not stop here. I went on my face in the closet before God and pleaded with him all night to save my boy. I had done my duty and claimed the promise. God did the rest. Our son did not run away, but was saved the next night.

"Many parents who do not yield to their children,

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but hold them strictly to the line of duty, fail in faith in the darkest hour, and the child breaks away. Many are the wrecks because of the failure of parent or teacher at this point."

Once, after the son had been converted some months he became discouraged. The father was away from home and the mother was sick. One night, after coming home from school, he brought in his pet bantam rooster, its head all bleeding. In answer to his mother's questions, he explained that he had cut the comb off, as the other boys had done, so that it could fight better. He was called into her room and remained alone with her for more than two hours. It was years after before anyone else knew what took place during that time.

It was a soul battle, a crisis, the turning point in the child's life. As the mother pointed out the wrong he had done, and reasoned with him of the right way, he would reply, "There is no use, I can't do right; I can't be a Christian." The mother answered, "You belong to the Lord; you have given yourself to him and your parents have consecrated you to his service; you cannot backslide, you must be a Christian." Thus they talked, the mother being courage and determination for the son in his discouragement, surrounded by many influences in the city that tended to lead him astray. Then they prayed, and she brought divine help very near as she presented the case before the Father's throne. The Holy Spirit inspired new courage, and the son with a contrite and broken heart, pledged anew fidelity to his heavenly Master. From that time the matter was settled; and although tempted and dis-

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couraged at times, he never gave up his profession of religion.

The mighty faith of that mother, although weak in body and unable to do for her family as she felt they needed, had prevailed. God did fight the battle for her and break the cruel power of Satan. He proved himself to be a "God of the families of Israel."

Often, in later years, she would encourage other mothers to lay hold on the mighty promises of God, for their children.

In the earlier years of married life, the mother's weak nerves were often the cause of her speaking to the children in what would seem an irritable and fault-finding manner. She did her best, by prayer and watchfulness, to overcome this habit. At last she thought, "If I continue to speak in this manner, my children will think me cross, and will lose confidence in my religion and become infidels."

She resolved that she would ask their forgiveness whenever she felt that she had spoken in a wrong manner. Often at evening prayers, she would mention the times during the day when she felt she had not spoken as kindly as she should, and humbly ask her children's forgiveness. They were touched with her conscientiousness, and respected and loved her more for her humility.

She also formed the habit of keeping perfectly quiet when things were going wrong and words would not help matters any. Thus, with divine help, she gained such control over her words that for years nothing but expressions of gentleness and kindly forbearance were ever heard from her lips.

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The Holy Spirit who in past years enabled her to be a faithful witness in the public congregation now gave her grace amid the daily trials of home-life to be a gentle, patient, unselfish witness of God's keeping power.

But the children were not only to be trained in the way of early piety, but they must be taught correct habits, and be made useful members of the home, as well as given wholesome amusement and recreation. When with her children, the mother threw aside her natural reserve, playing with them, singing, telling them stories and sympathizing with all their joys and sorrows.

When one of the children had been sick—and they had all the diseases to which childhood is heir—as a special treat, she would take a small white paste-board box from the top bureau drawer and sitting down with the children around her, would take out the treasures she had kept from girlhood. Each one had its own peculiar charm.

There was the curious glass locket given her when a little girl by one of her brothers, the quaint metal coin box bearing the date 1836, the "hair book," in which she had curiously plaited and woven locks of hair given her by schoolgirl friends as well as by aunts and cousins, then the "sampler" on which she had spent so much time when a little girl, also a piece of blue satin left from the famous steel bead pocket, and last her mother's needle-book, made from cloth that her mother had woven and which contained brown thread that her mother's own hands had spun.

After these had all been carefully examined and

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explained, they were replaced in the box, not to be disturbed again for a long, long time.

How the children delighted to smooth their mother's shining brown hair; how they would coax to be allowed to comb it "just once!"

Sometimes, in winter, she would join in their fun, even condescending to let them draw her on their sleds; then there would be special treats of home-made candy or loaf-sugar. The mother frowned upon "store" candy as too highly colored and made of unknown concoctions wholly unfit for a child's stomach.

Mrs. Kittie Wood Kumarakulasinghe, a former playmate, writes thus of her memories of those days: "I had been down to see my little playmates, and their mother, Sister Freeland, gave us some spiced cherries, made with her own hands. She was the soul of order, and it seems to me I can see now the shining glass and the spicy fruit. Then we played, and played, all that we could think of, until finally a prayer meeting was proposed. Kendall was appointed leader, and we all went to the barn and knelt in the hay.

" 'Sister Wood, lead us in prayer,' said the leader; but 'Sister Wood' didn't; she put her head in the hay and was ashamed to pray. That was the first of a conviction which later resulted in conversion. The other children all prayed, but 'Sister Wood' didn't."

The crowning joy of the year came at Christmas time. Then the mother would plan to remember each one with some simple presents.

Among the gifts one Christmas, were two china

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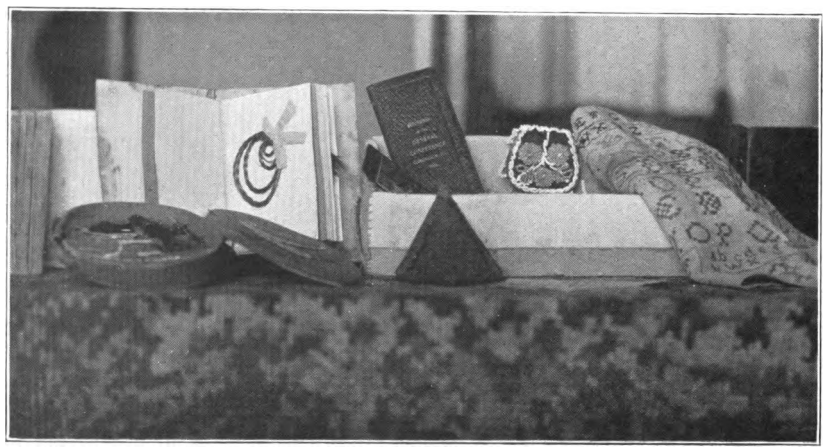

TREASURE-BOX.

Carefully preserved by Mrs. Freeland for over sixty years.

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doves for the girls. As they were admiring them, the mother remarked, "I hope my girls will be as kind and gentle to each other as the doves are." Those words, and the constant presence of those doves, did more to check the habit of quarreling which, it must be said, had become a great problem, than any punishment they had received for that fault.

If they were given permission to visit a playmate, it was always for a definite time, a failure to return promptly being punished by a loss of that privilege.

The mother watched carefully over the companions of her children. They were allowed to be intimate with none until she had formed their acquaintance and decided whether they were suitable friends or not.

At one time the son had a schoolmate of whom he was very fond; but the mother had discovered, that he was disobedient. She could not allow them to associate together, only as they came to the parsonage and were within her hearing.

This care with reference to their associates was a great trial to the children then; but they have since learned to be thankful that they were not "turned loose" in the various cities where they lived.

The same care was exercised over the children's reading matter. For years, when money was scarce, both father and mother decided that suitable reading must be provided for them. *The Illustrated Christian Weekly* was subscribed for, and the numbers of each year were bound, which provided a constant source of enjoyment.

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The Advocate and Guardian, published by the "Home for the Friendless," in New York City, kept them in touch with the unfortunate ones of earth.

Their Sunday-school papers were all preserved, and the mother carefully stitched them together with twine to be used as picture-books. She encouraged them to read the Bible, by promising a new Bible and one dollar in money to those who read it through in a year. One child, at least, received the reward before reaching the age of ten years. The habit of Bible-reading thus formed, has never been long laid aside.

In the government of the family the father and mother were of one mind; at least the children never knew anything to the contrary. Strict obedience was required of each one and disobedience was always followed by punishment. The old-fashioned Bible method of correction was administered firmly, but in love, the punishment being usually followed by prayer with the child.

Nothing was ever kept under lock and key or hidden away lest the children should touch what was forbidden. No landlord ever complained that the children injured his house, for they were taught from babyhood not to mar or scratch anything about the house. They were early trained by the mother to habits of order and industry. "A place for everything, and everything in its place" was a law never to be forgotten. She patiently taught them to share in the various household duties, from folding "lamplighters" to the more difficult tasks of sweeping, dusting, ironing, washing and sewing.

Perhaps in the matter of dressing her children

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the mother's grace and wisdom were most severely tried. She had always been conscientious in having everything about her home and family scrupulously neat; but in matters of adornment, whether of themselves or of the home, she still followed the rule adopted so many years ago—"Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." She made it a rule never to put anything upon her children's clothing that she could not conscientiously wear herself. Time was too precious to be spent in tucking and embroidering dainty garments.

Her children's clothing was always neatly made, simple and comfortable, the work of her own hands, unless sometimes when kind friends lent assistance.

All went well until the girls became older and had a preference of their own. It seemed hard to them when other children in the church were not dressed plainly. In vain did they argue and plead for just a little trimming.

Then the sisters in the church would interview the pastor's wife, telling her she was driving her children away from the church. It would be all very well when they became older and could decide for themselves. It was cruel to make them appear so different from their schoolmates now. But if there was one quality in the mother's character stronger than another, it was fidelity to what she believed to be right and nothing could move her a hair's breadth.

At one time when the father and mother were absent from home, a happy thought occurred to one of these girls. Some one had given her a black

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ostrich plume for her dolls. Although it was summer and her hat was of simple white straw, she determined that she would wear that feather. Carefully concealing it in the folds of her dress until the young lady who was caring for them had entered the church, she stopped in the hall-way and, after adjusting her feather, marched slowly up the aisle.

Soon their care-taker became aware of curious eyes directed toward their seat, and of suppressed laughter. Turning toward the children she discovered and removed the cause of disturbance. That was her first and last feather.

As the girls became established in their experience and united with the church, they had not one article of worldly adornment to lay aside. Their mother had borne that cross for them through all those early years, and now they wished no other way.

In her years of seminary life at Lima and in her own beloved seminary at Gainesville, the mother had realized the value of Christian influence and associations during school life.

As her children grew older it was the constant desire of her heart that they might attend a Christian school. But their means were so limited, how could it be accomplished? Yet with self-denial and diligent effort, much praying and planning, and the closest economy, each one of the children was graduated from one of our Christian schools.

An extract from a letter written to one of the children while away at school will show the solicitude and prayerfulness with which she watched over them: "But as to the future life work before

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you, I have thought frequently of writing you concerning it, since you were home last. It is an important matter, and, as I have said to you many times in the past, it is something God alone can enable you to decide aright. But he can, bless his name! If you go to him with an earnest willingness to know and do his holy will, and ask him in faith to teach you and help you to come to right conclusions, he will show you the path most pleasing to him. You nor any one else can afford to make a mistake in this very important matter of life work.

"We have only one life to live on earth and then the unending future before us. I have prayed earnestly and still pray the Lord to give you your work. When I see how great the harvest is and how few the laborers are, I can but feel a desire that all our children should be real workers for God in some way. May our Heavenly Father guide you and each of our children to right decisions. I do not believe in choosing our own work. I never dared do it since my soul was enlightened concerning it, but kept crying to the Lord to choose my inheritance for me. I fully believe he did direct in the great matter of life-work, so far as my position is concerned. I shall have enough to do to understand daily duties and meet them successfully.

"Form habits, my dear child, of holy confidence in God and simple-heartedness in coming to him with all your wants. Pour out your whole soul to him who understands all about your needs as no one else can. We have such an high priest as is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Are you weak? he is strong: are you ignorant? he is all-wise:

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are you sinful? he is righteous: are you impure? he is holy; in all things he waits to impart his divine nature to hungering, thirsting, seeking souls. What unexampled heights and depths are before you! Press forward, to the mountain of his holiness. Up, up, up, let your footsteps tend. You will never reach the limits of Infinity, even to all eternity. My soul exults at the thought. I see researches worthy of the immortal powers that God has given us. In no other direction can we look for that which will fully satisfy. The human mind may plunge into the depths of science and quench its thirst at its fountains and still the soul be left unsatisfied. It is only when we find God in science and all native mystery is illuminated by his sacred presence that the soul is satisfied. When we look through nature up to nature's God and recognize his handiwork in creation, then it is we enjoy life. We enjoy God here and become prepared more and more for an eternity of blessedness at his right hand.

"I commend you to God, my child, and to the word of his grace which is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before him at his coming. Trust in him and obey him, so shall you be happy here and forevermore. Look for a baptism for labor and watch carefully for opportunities for usefulness. Time flies and your year at school will soon be gone."

Again she writes, "I seem to feel myself young again as I consecrate my children all to God. O, how gladly do I give you all up for the Master's service, here or in distant lands. Time is so short

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that it matters but little whether our paths be smooth or thorny only so that we get safely through to heaven ourselves and take as many with us as possible."

When her children were leaving home to attend school, to teach, and later to make their homes far distant, the mother's face was always smiling. Never did she allow a tear to sadden their hearts at such a time.

By some mysterious telepathy or, perhaps, because of her constant communion with her Heavenly Father, this mother seemed to know as by intuition the needs of her children, although separated from them by long distances. They might conceal their troubles from her, thinking to spare her anxiety, but a letter would soon come, asking what was wrong, and telling of a special burden of prayer in their behalf.

Thus she carried them constantly on her heart, whether near or far, jealously watchful lest the enemy should lure them from the narrow path of duty, or hinder God's best will from being accomplished in them.

"The ear of heaven bendeth low
When mother prays.
And I am better then, I know,
When mother prays.
The disappointment of the day,
The worry of the toilsome way,
The fretfulness and longing cease—
Heaven breathes my troubled soul to peace,
And love and trust in God increase,
When mother prays,

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"A Sabbath day it seems to me
When mother prays,
A day of rest and purity,
When mother prays.
Faith whispers from the trembling lip
And angels in glad fellowship,
With loving ministrations bear
The myrrh and frankincense of prayer
To Him who doth all burdens share,
When mother prays.

"Gennesaret's storm-tossed waves grow calm
When mother prays.
And Gilead yields a healing balm
When mother prays.
Upon the slopes of Olivet
I see His form through lashes wet,
Who toiled in dark Gethsemane
And bore the cross to set me free;
And I am near to Calvary
When mother prays."

—*H. S. Wilkinson.*

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CHAPTER X.

Home Missionary Work.

"To the land of the Dacotahs,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence,
Yet the way seemed long before him,
As he journeyed without resting."

—*Longfellow.*

In 1884, in accordance with the advice of Rev. B. T. Roberts, the son, James Kendall, had gone to South Dakota. He had consecrated his life to the ministry, and joined the South Dakota conference.

As he saw the great need for more workers in this field, he often wrote to his parents, urging them to come and help carry the gospel over the vast Dakota plains. But the father's health was frail and they had not the means to undertake such a long journey.

One of Mrs. Freeland's oft-quoted maxims was, "When God calls a person by his Holy Spirit, to a given work, usually his providences and the church are in harmony with that call." She could see no providential leadings in the direction of Dakota, and discouraged her son in his oft-repeated requests that they come to that far-off field.

In the year 1885 General Superintendent B. T. Roberts was to preside over the South Dakota con-

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ference. In June, while looking over the work, he realized the urgent need for more workers. He wrote to Mr. Freeland, explaining the situation, stating that he thought the invigorating climate of that country would be beneficial to his health and urged him to prayerfully consider the matter. Other ministers wrote from that conference, stating their great need and, although strangers to Mr. Freeland, united in the same request. This was all unexpected to them.

What could it mean? Were they to leave their friends in the East, where they had labored so long, and go to the frontier, with all its hardships, when they had already passed the fiftieth mile-stone in their life journey? They could but answer that they would pray as requested.

Conference came, and was presided over by General Superintendent E. P. Hart, at Parma Center, New York. Rev. J. G. Terrill was a member of the stationing committee, as was also Mr. Freeland. When talking over the work in Genesee conference, Mr. Freeland told the committee of Superintendent Roberts' letters, and said that he and his wife were prayerfully waiting to know God's will in the matter. Rev. J. G. Terrill, who knew the needs of Dakota, at once felt that God was calling them to the West. Meanwhile, Mrs. Freeland was much alone with God, pleading that his will might be made clear. At last came a heavenly view of the work and, over all, the radiance of the western sun in its glory. It was enough; she was ready for any hardship, for she had proven that God's will is always best.

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Mr. Freeland also clearly felt God's call and was ready to answer, "Here am I, send me."

The Genesee conference appropriated fifty dollars of home missionary money toward their moving expenses, and at the close of the Sabbath morning service, fifty dollars more was raised.

Mr. Freeland took his certificate of standing, and sent it at once to Superintendent Roberts, saying that he would be in Dakota ready for work.

They were now busy preparing for their long journey, leaving New York about the first of October. One Sabbath was spent in Evansville, Wisconsin, where their three daughters were, one teaching in the seminary and the other two students there. On Sabbath evening, Mrs. Freeland preached in the seminary chapel from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found" (Isaiah 55:6). One, at least, of the students who heard that sermon, writes of remembering it during all these years.

They soon reached their new field of labor, making their home at Sioux Falls during the first two years. Mr. Freeland was absent on the district much of the time, Mrs. Freeland accompanying him when circumstances would permit.

In this new country, among entire strangers (for only one person had she ever met before) she was still a faithful witness, addressing the people forty-one times during that first year.

It would be difficult to picture the hardships endured by the frontier settlers of those days. Many of them lived in sod houses and "dugouts," of but one room, with twisted hay for fuel during the long, cold winters. Their homes were so scattered that

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many had not attended a religious service since coming to that country.

Mr. Freeland and his wife felt that they were indeed home missionaries, and their hearts went out in sympathy and compassion for these needy ones. As in the early years of their ministry, so now, much of the traveling was done with a horse and buggy, no railroads reaching many of the most needy points.

God wonderfully blessed and encouraged Mr. Freeland and his wife during those first months of toil. In December of that year, a gracious revival crowned their efforts in what was known as the "Drown neighborhood," near Artesian. During those meetings Mrs. Freeland prevailed with God for souls when alone in her room. God so manifested himself that this room was ever afterward a hallowed spot to her.

One who was saved at that time, Mrs. Sarah F. Drown, thus describes the work accomplished: "The word was preached in its purity. The Holy Ghost came in power, souls were saved, family quarrels settled, neighbors were seen going from house to house, making wrongs right and praying for the unsaved, until nearly every home for miles around had an altar of prayer. H. L. Torsey was powerfully sanctified and called to preach the gospel. My husband also, F. W. Drown, was brought out into the clear light.

"I was still in the dark. My husband entreated the minister and his wife to come and help me. They came, and I looked at Sister Freeland in admiration, as she laid off her wraps in her orderly way, her face lighted up with a heavenly radiance. Then

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she began to talk of my husband's new-found joy. I invited her to spend the afternoon with me, while the rest attended the prayer meeting. She did so, and I sat in wonder and amazement as she told me of her life, of the glories of the cross and the beauty and satisfaction in the plain way. It was the first time I had ever heard such a message. I could hardly understand how these things could be, nor was it easy for me to accept the light. Two or three weeks after, however, at the family altar, I was sweetly saved in Jesus.

"About two months later, I saw my depraved nature and, at the district quarterly meeting, hastened to her who had been my previous helper, as a child to its mother. When she told me how God could cleanse my heart, how eagerly I believed her, and that evening my heart was cleansed."

As Mr. and Mrs. Freeland mingled with the people and saw how few educational advantages the young people enjoyed, Mrs. Freeland's heart began to be burdened with the need of a Christian school.

When they visited Mrs. Densie Slocum Gaddis, the one person she had known before in the East, she spoke to her of her convictions. To her delight she found that Sister Gaddis had long felt the need of such a school. Together they talked over the subject until their hearts were all elated over what they felt to be God's will. Mr. Freeland smiled at what he called their "castles," and remarked, "You can fairly see the bricks going up, can't you?" As Mrs. Freeland replied, "Yes, we see them by faith," the blessing of the Lord came upon her. How her heart was burdened. She prayed, talked, and planned un-

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til she could go no further. Then, in answer to her prayers, the burden came upon Mr. Freeland, and together they talked of the school wherever they went, until the seminary was talked of throughout the conference. Others became interested, subscriptions were given, and a board of trustees was elected. The first president of the board, Rev. G. C. Coffee, labored long and earnestly in connection with the establishment of this frontier school.

In 1887 the school was opened at Wessington Springs, being held the most of the year in the first story of the new building, playfully called "The sheep-shed."

James Kendall and his wife, Clara R. Freeland, were the first principal and preceptress of the school and were assisted by Mary M. Freeland. Thus Mrs. Freeland was ready to help answer her own prayers by encouraging her children to sacrifice for the cause of Christian education.

Meanwhile, in 1887, Mrs. Freeland had been appointed supply for the Mt. Vernon circuit, and the family removed to that place. Here she not only acted as pastor, preaching twice each Sabbath, but she also taught a Bible class in the Sunday-school.

During that year a new church was finished and dedicated at this place. The pastor subscribed twenty-five dollars which she paid the next year by doing washing and ironing, assisted by her youngest daughter, who was then at home.

In October of that year, 1888, the second daughter, Mary, was married to Rev. W. N. Coffee. The wedding was quiet and simple, but another member

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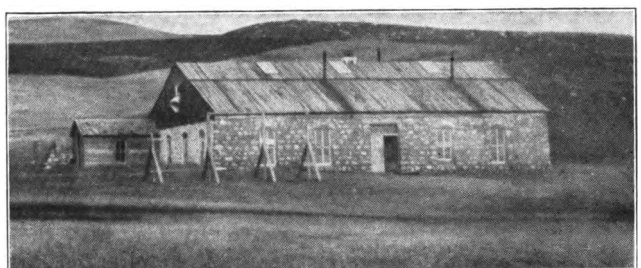

"THE SHEEP-SHED."

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of the home circle went forth to follow in her mother's footsteps, to sacrifice and suffer in the Master's service.

Later that fall the family moved to Wessington Springs. The best empty house to be found was primitive enough for any missionary. One large room downstairs and a small one divided off by a board partition; one room upstairs with a smaller one curtained off—no plaster, and the cracks so wide that the snow sifted in.

How they worked night and day, papering the walls with building paper and newspapers, trying to make the house comfortable! In winter the kitchen windows were covered with frost an inch thick, and the water ran down the walls as the frost melted. Here the washing was done to pay the subscription on the church. The circumstances are described as follows: "The steam of washing, the frozen clothes, sheets like boards, damp clothes hung all around the stove, wind whistling, and Mother Freeland smiling and reckoning how much the work done would mean on that subscription. She said once in reply to a question, 'Oh, yes, I'm tired. It is hard work, but this will soon be over, while the good done by the subscription will mean something lasting.'"

While in this home, one day a dreaded prairie fire came sweeping over the hills. School was dismissed and all were out on the hills fighting the fire with wet carpets and sacks. A heavy wind was blowing directly toward the town, the seminary, and their home. Mother Freeland was on her knees in the kitchen, asking God to save the seminary, the

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town, and their little home. Suddenly the wind turned and blew in the opposite direction as fiercely as it had been blowing toward the town, and all was safe. She arose from her knees, praising God and singing the doxology with uplifted hands.

In this same little home, the first grandchild, Mildred Freeland, was born.

It now became evident that they must have a home of their own. But where should the home be built? Mrs. Freeland selected a lot directly across from the seminary as the location that would please her, saying, "Every school must have a father and mother, some one who will sacrifice, labor, and pray for its success. We must be near enough to attend meetings and help push the work along."

A neat little cottage was built, the first home in all these years that had not been rented.

How Mrs. Freeland enjoyed that home! She set out flowers, shrubbery, berries and currant bushes, patiently watering them during the long, hot summers. Within, as was ever the case in her home, all was the perfection of neatness and order.

Among the first Free Methodists in the town was Mrs. Anna Seger. She was a congenial spirit, one with whom Mrs. Freeland soon felt the "divine agreement." With her she could claim the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." This communion served to lessen the loneliness caused by Mr. Freeland's frequent absence from home. He was obliged to take long drives, remaining away from home weeks at a time, that he might hold his quarterly meetings,

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and visit the scattered members as well as attend to matters in connection with the school. One winter was spent in the East obtaining financial assistance for the seminary.

Meanwhile the school was well established and there was much of soul-burden to be borne for the people gathered there.

Mrs. Freeland was appointed class-leader, and for a number of years she met the class in the dining-room of the Seminary every Saturday night. The rows of chairs around the room were usually filled, and any tempted or discouraged one was always sure of a word of advice or kindly sympathy.

What blessed meetings they were! She was ever on the watch for their spiritual welfare. If any one was losing in experience she would encourage such to tarry after class and pray through to victory. Then she would go home rejoicing, for it was her delight to help souls to a closer walk with God. Often as she would leave the meetings accompanied by Sister Seger, she would say, "O these dear young people! We must hold on to God for them,"—then in almost a whisper she would repeat, "We must hold on to God for them."

Rev. N. B. Ghormley, a student of the seminary at that time, thus writes of her influence over the students: "Who could regularly attend her class-meetings without becoming quickened in divine things? Who could hearken to her admonitions and encouraging advice without finding Christ a present and complete Savior? What can any of us who were blessed during our student life with the influence of her personality, and uniformly consistent

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life, say of the abiding influence she wielded? She was always a spiritual and intellectual stimulus, an inspiration that carried us up and beyond all previous conceptions of culture and character. Those whose school days were spent under her influence realized a depth of purpose and a thoroughness in execution that was unusual, for they had seen 'the vision.'"

On Sabbath morning she would often preach at the seminary, as Professor Freeland filled the evening appointment, and had not sufficient strength for both. For years in the afternoon she conducted a holiness prayer meeting at her own home. These were seasons of great blessing and helped to unite the saved students in their efforts for the salvation of the unsaved, as well as to gain new victories in their own experiences. Much of the time she also taught a Bible class in connection with the Sunday-school, her earnest words stimulating the class to a more thorough study of the Bible.

Mrs. Rachel Baird Ghormley, one of the early teachers in the seminary, describes the influence of these meetings as follows: "It was in Mother Freeland's class or prayer meetings that I unloaded my burdens and received strength for days to come. From her I learned many a valuable lesson in discipline.

"Once I was appointed with her to visit two of the student members who had become trifling and careless, even to the extent of mocking at religious matters. After much prayer, her own heart being all melted with a yearning love for their souls, we labored with them and prayed for them. The one

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THE WESSINGTON SPRINGS HOME.

[A family reunion in 1902.]

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talked out his heart and asked forgiveness, the other seemed hard and unmoved. Mother Freeland held out her hand with tender pity, saying, 'We will pray for you.' Afterward she said to me, 'We must not be discouraged but expect God to do his part. We have done our duty.' At the next class meeting the young man, now repentant, was the first one on his feet, confessing and asking for prayers. As we knelt he pleaded with God for mercy and forgiveness and ere the meeting closed we were rejoicing with the angels over the wanderer's return."

Another, Rev. A. M. Anderson, writes, "The Sunday afternoon prayer meetings were times of great blessing to my soul, and to all who were privileged to attend. Mother Freeland knew how to exhort each individual as to his particular needs and to point out the snares and pitfalls of the enemy.

"At one time, after leaving school, while conducting revival meetings, I was suddenly taken severely ill and was compelled to go to the hospital and undergo a serious operation. There was little hope of my recovery. I was much discouraged, it seemed my life-work was ended. One day a letter came from the seminary, saying they had just had a prayer meeting on Sunday afternoon and that Mother Freeland had spoken to the students gathered about my work and present condition in the hospital, and had asked all to join in special prayer for my restoration to the work of the Lord. The Lord had wonderfully blessed them in prayer.

"That letter was like tonic to my broken nerves, for I knew that prayer had been heard for me in that Sunday afternoon meeting at Mother Freeland's

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home. I began to recover at once, and as I look back on my life I can truly say that I owe much to the life, prayers and exhortations of Mother Freeland."

Early in the history of the school, she was instrumental in the organization of a student's missionary society called, "The Louisa Ranf Missionary Society." She was the first president, and through its influence an enthusiastic spirit of interest in the study and support of missions was maintained in the school.

Years before, when in the Methodist Episcopal church, she had become a life-member of a missionary society by the payment of twenty dollars. She often spoke of the need of missionary societies and regretted that when the Free Methodist church was organized, no provision was made for that department of work.

Through her words of direction and encouragement, her oldest daughter was led to become interested in the organization of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies.

"In the cause of missions she most remarkably exemplified the true spirit of Christ. Her study of missions included all its movements in the past and present. With her, knowledge of conditions and forces inspired faith. By intercession with God, she became a warrior on every mission field the world round. To her the battle-ground of faith was only limited by the extent of the atonement."

While living in Wessington Springs her interest in temperance work was deepened, and for seven years she was president of the local Woman's Chris-

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WESSINGTON SPRINGS SEMINARY.

First Building.

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tian Temperance Union, engaging with all the energy of her being in the warfare against the saloon.

Mrs. Emma Kennedy writes: "She not only did her work as president but assisted others in their departments. After her health would not permit her to go to other places of meeting, she opened her home and the regular meetings were held there.

"There was always so much of the presence of God with us that we felt encouraged. In fact, our meetings seemed more like prayer meetings, and she always exhorted us to keep our trust in God. At one time she spoke personally to one of the members, saying, as she laid her hand on her arm, 'I do wish you were in the true way of life. You are so faithful in the W. C. T. U. work, you could do much for the Master if you were in the gospel light.'"

During the fight for State Prohibition, Miss Susan B. Anthony gave a stirring temperance address in the seminary chapel. Mrs. Freeland opened the meeting with prayer. At the close of the service, Miss Anthony came to her with tears in her eyes and thanked her for that prayer. "You do not know how much good that prayer did me," said she. Wherever the cause of righteousness was concerned, there were her interests.

When her husband was a long way from home one bitter cold winter, she was taken sick with "the grip." She became very weak, and when everything possible had been done for her relief, she grew worse instead of better. It seemed to her that she was very near heaven and would soon pass over.

On account of the snow and cold, Sister Seger could not come to pray with her as Mrs. Freeland

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much desired. When Sister S. heard how ill she was, she went at once to prayer in her behalf. The Lord inspired her faith, giving her the promise that she should not die, but live. At that very time as Mrs. Freeland was lying so near death, she looked up and seemed to see in a vision Sister Seger prostrate before the throne, interceding in her behalf. The assurance came that prayer had prevailed and she should not die, but live. From that time she began to improve. A few days later Sister Seger called and Mrs. Freeland asked if she had prayed specially for her, and found that it was at the same time that she had seen the vision.

Heaven was very near to her. Often after a season of prevailing prayer for the work of God, she would say, "The veil is so thin between me and the heavenly world, I can almost see through."

During the summer months many camp meetings and tent meetings were held, and Mrs. Freeland usually accompanied her husband and assisted in the services. Besides preaching at other times, the five o'clock holiness meeting was her special charge. She would make the way of holiness so plain by her sermons on the subject, that many vascillating ones became established in this experience. At the close of the meeting she usually conducted an altar service, insisting that the saints pray until their faith claimed victory for the day. "The morning meeting strikes the key-note for the day, we must prevail in prayer," she would say.

She often held mothers' meetings, answering questions and telling of her own experience as a

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mother. Many are those who testify to the benefit received in these meetings.

While going from place to place during the summer, Father and Mother Freeland (as they were now called, to distinguish them from their son and his wife) often met with young people anxious to attend the seminary, but without the necessary means, and many were the young ladies that Mother Freeland welcomed to her home, giving them an opportunity to assist in the housework in payment for all or part of their board.

Among this number was Lucy Hartman, for many years a missionary to Africa. She seemed almost like a daughter to them, remaining in their home for over two years.

As an example of Mother Freeland's interest in young people, the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Clara Philips Harpel, one of "her girls," is given: "I met Mother Freeland for the first time in the year 1895, at a camp meeting in Iowa. In conversation with her, another young lady and myself told her of our plans to attend school in our home town. She urged us to go to Wessington Springs Seminary, and in order to help us, she offered to take us into her own home, giving us work for half our board and helping us in every way she could. We remained in her home two years.

"In that time, and in the years that followed, during our school work, she became a mother indeed to us. She used to call us her girls, and it was always like going home to go to her house. I have always felt that had it not been for the interest she took in

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me at the time I was deciding in regard to attending school, I should never have received the blessings that I obtained at Wessington Springs Seminary. It was through Father and Mother Freeland's prayers that I was delivered from the awful power of darkness that had rested upon my soul.

"The thing that impressed me most in Mother Freeland's Christian experience, was her charity for all. In all of my associations with her, I never once heard her speak unkindly of any one. Instead of criticisms, she always had words of encouragement and help."

She was ever planning for the seminary, putting up a few extra quarts of fruit, when fruit was scarce, that the students might have a treat. When the seminary, at one time, was passing through great affliction, a number of the students being sick with diphtheria, Father and Mother Freeland gladly gave up their home to be used as a hospital, moving what things were necessary for their comfort into a recitation room in the seminary.

Once when she was at home alone on her birthday, she was invited over to the seminary for supper. A number of friends were also present. Loving hands had tastefully decorated the dining room, and a large birthday cake, wreathed in flowers, graced the table. She appreciated this expression of love from teachers and students, saying, "This is the first birthday celebration ever held in my honor."

At another time, the class of which she had so long been class-leader, presented her with a desk, which she valued highly. Thus the years passed by in loving service for the Master.

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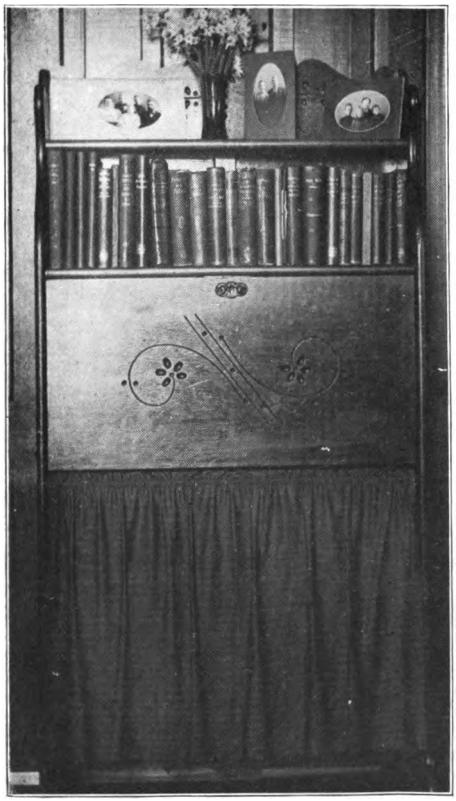

MRS. FREELAND'S DESK.

Presented by her Wessington Springs class.

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While living in Dakota, Mother Freeland was sent as a lay delegate to the general conference held in Chicago, her husband being the ministerial delegate.

When the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized in South Dakota, she was elected conference president, and continued to hold that office until her removal from the state. She acted as delegate from that conference to the general W. F. M. S. held at Greenville, Illinois, in June, 1903, in connection with the general conference held at that place.

Several have mentioned Mother Freeland's testimony in a Sunday morning love feast at that gathering. The following account, written by one who was present, may be of interest: "A number of aged pilgrims had alluded to being present when this little craft was first launched. But she commenced her testimony by saying, 'I was there before it was launched, and well I remember how the old church made a mistake by dictating to God how the church should be run, and the little new church by telling him by whom it should be run. Yes, we have prospered and accomplished great things, but not as much as we would if we had stayed on the lines we were started out on by Brother Roberts; for it was his intention that brothers and sisters should stand shoulder to shoulder in the prosecution of this great work, both being given authority to publish the glad tidings.'

"At this time Mother Roberts was on the floor, putting her endorsement to this statement by declaring, 'That's so, Mother Freeland, that's so.' And

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the Lord set his seal on her testimony by a visitation of the slaying power. While Mother Freeland lay prostrate, there followed such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on that large congregation as is seldom seen. There must have been no less than three hundred on their feet simultaneously, shouting and praising God."

This was the last general conference that she attended.

In the winter of 1898, at the urgent request of Rev. E. L. Smith, the pastor at Ross, Washington, and of the principal of the seminary there, Clark W. Shay, husband of their oldest daughter, Father and Mother Freeland took a long journey to the coast to hold a revival meeting. God wonderfully assisted Father Freeland in preaching the gospel, while Mother Freeland, as was her custom, held on to God in prayer. Night after night, during the three weeks' meeting, the altar was filled with seekers, many of whom found the Savior. This revival is still referred to as "The big revival."

When they returned to Dakota, scattered through their lunch baskets, were sixty-eight testimonies, written by their Seattle friends, many of whom had been saved or sanctified during the meeting. These were all carefully preserved by Mother Freeland among her papers.

In 1900 they took another long journey, going to California, where Professor Freeland was then living, his health having failed after nine years of hard service in Wessington Springs Seminary.

While in California, Father Freeland assisted in revival meetings, the blessing of the Lord resting

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upon his labors. Mother Freeland was also made a blessing and encouragement to many hearts. She was delighted with the summer-land of flowers. The palm, olive, pepper and eucalyptus trees were a revelation to her. She carefully pressed many specimens of the leaves and flowers to take back to their Dakota home, thinking they would assist her in describing the wonderful country.

As she traveled with her son over the wild mountains, she felt that she was in the temple of God, hewn by his own hands, majestically grand.

In the spring they again returned to Dakota, being still interested in the seminary and the work of the Lord there. Indeed, so important did the seminary and the work accomplished by it appear, that Mother Freeland feelingly said, "I would sooner lay one of my children away, than see this work of God go down." But their years of toil in the prairie country were nearly over. For eighteen years they had been true home missionaries, shrinking from no hardship, shunning no cross, if the work of God might prosper. Now they were providentially led to dispose of their home that had become so dear to them, and to leave the work that was far dearer than their home, returning to sunny California, a haven of rest for weary pilgrims.

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CHAPTER XI.

A Consecrated Pen.

As Frances Ridley Havergal was led to consecrate her voice to God, not to sing merely entertaining songs, but only those that were spiritual, saying,

> "Take my voice and let me sing,
> Always, only for my King."

so Mrs. Freeland, during her school life at Lima, realized that her ability to write must be consecrated to the service of the Master. Her pen was to be used, always, only for her King.

As has been seen, tempting opportunities came to her, if she would but use her pen to write in an entertaining and amusing manner. This question was decided, as were all others in her life, with reference to the final end. She did not wish to build hay, wood, stubble, that would be consumed. If she might write any words that would be an inspiration to others, leading them to a life of deeper consecration, she felt that she would be building with gold, silver and precious stones, a structure that would stand the supreme test in the last great day.

In accordance with the suggestions made by the aged pastor, who had been so helpful to her in earlier years, she began timidly to write articles for

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religious papers and magazines. At first she would write and rewrite an article, pruning, recasting sentences, and studying the correct use of words, until in later years this became unnecessary.

Throughout her life she had a long list of correspondents. First, there were her family friends. At least once each year she would send a long birthday letter to each of her brothers, sometimes accompanied by a poem. Then, in the absence of her husband and children, they could always expect frequent letters from her, entering sympathetically and helpfully into all their varying circumstances. Never a birthday was allowed to pass without a letter from mother so full of love and wise counsel that it was carefully preserved and referred to many times.

Her own special friends, with some of whom she corresponded for over fifty years, were favored with rare glimpses of her inner life. A large number of correspondents were those whom she hoped to benefit; young people, and others not yet established in their Christian experience. Lovingly, yet faithfully, she encouraged, reproved, exhorted, and pointed out the old beaten track that would lead to heart purity and real soul rest. She coveted the young people for the Master's service, and pleaded with them not to be content with less than being their best for God, the church and the world.

Mrs. A. L. Beers writes thus of her influence over her, when she was beginning the Christian life: "I was converted in a meeting held by Rev. J. B. Freeland who was accompanied by his saintly wife who greatly assisted him in his work of soul-saving. The sweetness surrounding her every act and her pil-

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grim garb so beautiful in its simplicity, captivated my young heart, and she henceforth became a bright and shining light to show me the heavenward path. When days of persecution from my own loved ones followed, Sister Freeland's loving sympathy and wise counsel were a sure guide for my unsophisticated feet. She was never too greatly occupied to give me all the time that I needed. What a consolation to me to sit down by her side and listen to her tender advice when my heart was torn and bleeding because my own parents did not understand why I should take the narrow way. She would kindly explain the word of God to me and pray with and for me until the path seemed all aglow with divine glory and I could endure hardness as a good soldier. She kept in constant touch with me by means of frequent letters filled with godly admonition and a warm interest in all I had written her. She followed me with letters and prayers when I went away from home, being ever like a guardian angel to me. With keen penetration, she seemed to know at once the advice needed. For four years we kept up a continued and frequent correspondence. She has influenced my life as a marvelous woman."

Professor A. H. Stilwell also says, "In looking back over half a century of years, I can remember no person except my own mother who has so profoundly influenced my life for good. To her I owe a peculiar debt of gratitude in that she was the chosen instrument in God's hands in extending to me a special invitation to seek Christ. That night I was happily converted."

While living in Syracuse, New York, she formed

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the acquaintance of a young lady in whom she became deeply interested. To her, as to a mother, did Louisa Ranf first confide her long concealed convictions of a call to the foreign field. Patiently and prayerfully Mrs. Freeland bore her upon her heart during the months of indecision, until the final consecration was made. Louisa became almost like one of the family, and when she sailed for her beloved India, no one was more deeply interested than was Mrs. Freeland.

When the sad news came of the accident that had so suddenly ended Louisa's life-work, she at once began to think of preserving the precious influence of that unselfish life, by preparing her biography.

At about this time Rev. T. B. Arnold was also thinking of publishing a similar book. As a result it was arranged that Mrs. Freeland should write the account of Louisa's life, and Brother Arnold should take the responsibility of publishing it, combined with sketches of other missionaries, under the title, "Missionary Martyrs."

Many weeks of thought and labor were spent in gathering needed facts and preparing the manuscript, but it was a loving service, dedicated to the cause of foreign missions.

One of the great disappointments of Mrs. Freeland's life was the loss of the plates, through the dishonesty of an employee of the publisher, so that the book was no longer published. She had hoped that the record of that consecrated life would be widely circulated and exert a continuous influence for good. She often expressed the wish that she might have the necessary means to republish the

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book at her own expense. Yet the influence of that book is not lost. The copies printed have found their way to many homes and inspired young people, as well as old, to lives of deeper consecration and greater unselfishness.

The field of greatest influence for Mrs. Freeland's consecrated pen was, perhaps, not in correspondence nor even in the cherished book, but in the many contributions furnished to the *Earnest Christian* and *The Free Methodist.*

When her children were small and she was kept at home during the long winter evenings, her pen was often busy with some message that she hoped would be a blessing to others. Her soul was filled with a passion for usefulness; she could leave no opportunity unimproved. If she could not witness by her spoken words, then the silent, white winged messenger would be sent, bearing testimony to the various truths of practical godliness, as they were laid upon her heart.

Occasionally a little poem—a Christmas carol or a birthday rhyme—would be written as a gift for some of her dear ones. The following brief selections will show the character of her later writings:

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BIRTHDAY POEM

I will trust Him, never fearing,
I will trust Him day by day,
Though the storm-waves loudly roaring,
Toss my tiny barque away.

I will trust Him, for He's faithful,.
Long and patiently He waits
To deliver all who trust Him
Till they reach the golden gates.

All my fears I'll cast behind me,
All my cares on Him I'll lay,
Thus I'll journey to the country
Where's no night but endless day.

And where e'er upon my journey,
I may lend a helping hand,
To the weary, fearful pilgrims,
Journeying toward that better land,

I will never fail to help them,
Poor and needy though I be,
For in doing good to others,
Saith the Master, "'Tis to me."

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Poem composed and written in Louisa Ranf's Autograph Album, August, 1884.

Far beyond the trackless ocean,
'Neath the tropic's sunny sky
Lies a land of heathen darkness,
Sending forth its piteous cry—
Come and help us, come and help us,
Come and help us ere we die.

Long have pagan rites and customs
Crushed our life and stained our sod.
Christians, help us, by your teaching,
Point our hearts to Israel's God.
We will listen, we will listen,
We will listen and rejoice.

Dear Louisa, while you've listened
To this loud, sad voice of woe,
You have felt, "I'll go and help them,
Jesus calls me, I must go,
Jesus calls me, Jesus calls me,
Jesus calls me, I must go."

Farewell, friends, farewell forever,
'Till we've gained the heavenly shore.
Henceforth toil and pain are welcome,
Only let me tell them o'er,
Tell the precious gospel tidings,
Tell the tidings o'er and o'er.

Glad we bid thee, dear Louisa,
Each a long and last adieu,
For we hope to see thee coming
Bearing sheaves of golden hue,
Sad and glad are we to bid you,
Dear Louisa, last adieu."

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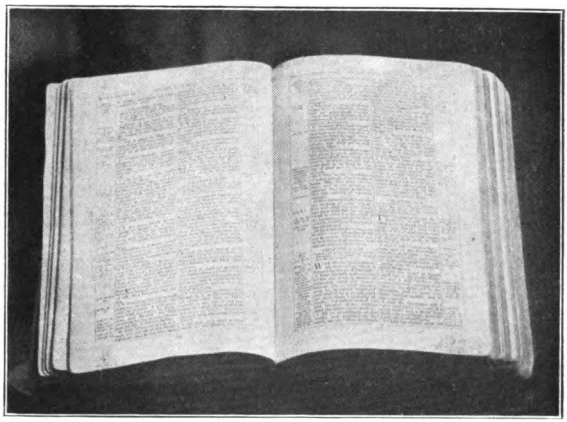

MRS. FREELAND'S BIBLE, WHICH BEARS EVIDENCE OF OVER THIRTY YEARS' CONSTANT USE.

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SHORT SELECTIONS FROM MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

In the formative days of the Free Methodist church woman had unlimited freedom to labor. She was a powerful factor in those early days. Her public and private ministrations, her groans, her tears, her shouts of triumph, her fidelity to Christ, standing with her brothers in the battle's front, told volumes for the cause of right.

When the first conference was organized, however, woman was not counted in, and at the second conference she was officially counted out. But she went forward hopefully, tremblingly, occupying the position of a supply on circuits among us, with no official voice in our conferences. The time has come when an open door must be set before her to full membership in the conference and the right to ordination. —*Woman and Early Free Methodism.*

The Jerusalem of every believer is the state of entire consecration of the soul, body, and spirit, indispensible to the work of entire holiness. Having reached this point where all is consciously presented a living sacrifice to God, then the command to tarry at Jerusalem, that is, in this state, until endued with power from on high, is applicable. Tarry, expecting to receive, and it must come.

—*Tarrying at Jerusalem.*

The trouble is, multitudes of God's people are spiritually dying of formalism, simply because they keep still when they ought to use their voices as the Spirit prompts. —*Consecration.*

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"Purity is power," but it is negative power. One cannot long retain the negative without receiving the positive. The soul waits in conscious submission to all God's will, for the descent of the Holy Ghost to seal the covenant made. Faith is tested at this time, but if it remains unshaken, God will honor it. If the state of entire consecration is mistaken for one of entire sanctification, the individual soon finds lack of power and efficiency, and becomes confused. Wait in faith until the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost comes, bringing energy and power not felt before. —*Combined Testimony.*

In early Methodism when it was noticed that persons had the gift of prevailing prayer, they were encouraged to exercise the gift, being sent for, not to preach, exhort, or testify, but to pray. Thus there were giant prayers developed.

It was my privilege once to listen to the prayers of a person of this character, an aged English lady. O how my soul was awed into a sublime sense of the presence of Deity as she talked with God. I have heard many prayers, but never one like that. How the divine blessing came in showers upon those gathered for prayer. She was one who was nurtured and developed among the English Methodists. Perfectly plain in apparel, she was heavenly minded, meek, lowly, and humble. O that there were many such in these days! —*Pray-ers or Lift-ers.*

My mind has instinctively surveyed the nineteenth century in search of its light-bearers. I have been deeply impressed with facts revealed within

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my comparatively limited circle of observation. We speak of giants in the past, as though the race were extinct, when if we have eyes to see and a heart to understand, we shall find they are not all dead. There are giants in holiness, in faith, in fruitfulness, equal to those of sainted memory in the past.

—*Light-Bearers.*

This world is a great work-shop. The bee, the ant, the bird, all animate nature, is full of activity. Man alone sometimes proves recreant to his trust and regales himself in self-indulgent ease, regarding honest industry as degrading and beneath his dignity. He flits away the precious hours in a mere butterfly existence, caring only for self and selfish aims. But work is the blessing of God and not the curse. Activity is indispensible to the highest degree of happiness. —*Work for the Master.*

The very command, "Be ye holy for I am holy," contains, as all God's commands do, the promise of needed help to obey. It is like the abundant provision for physical cleansing, only much more abundant and accessible. But as in the natural world, the fact of water being bountifully provided does not make us clean unless we use it ourselves, so is it in the provisions of the gospel, each must come for himself and wash if he would be clean.

—*Holiness.*

Many have proved by sad experience, when a definite testimony is withheld and one of a general character given, a dimness has come over the soul,

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and an entire loss of grace, once so clearly possessed, if the course has been persisted in.

The individual healed of a malignant disease honors his physician and not himself, when he tells what has been done. So when we tell of Jesus' power on earth to forgive sins or to cleanse from all unrighteousness, we do not exalt ourselves but God.

—*The Pure Testimony.*

The Christian's work in self-defense is threefold. He is to watch for the foe, resist him at once, pray to the strong Deliverer for help, and thus go on his way rejoicing. —*The Divine Trio.*

However rhetorical may be the arrangement, and logical the argument, if the Word be not the theme, the living essence, that pervades the entire discourse, it is empty and powerless for good.

—*Preach the Word.*

Faith is a reliance on God to do as he has promised, not for an hour, or a day, but until he comes and accomplishes the work.

—*Divine Agreement.*

In entire holiness, the will is harmonized with the divine will, so that the spontaneous out-gushing of the soul is, "Not my will but thine be done."

—*Scriptural Holiness.*

How exceedingly few sacredly place one-tenth of their income in God's treasury, yet this is the least God accepted in the early ages of the church.

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Let ten cents of every dollar received be devoted to the support of God's cause, daily and weekly, as God prospers us, and all the departments of God's work will be amply provided for. It is the weekly giving that is felt the least—*How May We Most Easily Support God's Cause?*

The mind of Christ is one of courage. All discouragement is from the devil. A discouraging influence is always a source of weakness and confuses God's people. If we have and keep the mind of Christ we shall not be discouraged.

—*The Mind of Christ.*

Many times have I felt the healing power on my body; but for this I should undoubtedly have finished my earth-work long ere this. I have, in a few instances, been led to remedies and realized benefit through the blessing of God. Once I made the statement that I would never take any more medicine, but I soon saw that was not a scriptural position. There is a safe way for all to travel.

God has been answering the challenge of infidelity; the instances of physical healing have been multiplied in all churches.

—*Where Are the Nine?*

There is a wide difference between one who merely sympathizes with the cause of truth and one who identifies himself with it. The one cries, "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" when the popular current runs that way; but when the tide turns, cries, just as readily, "Away with

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him, crucify him, crucify him." The other is always found last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. Mere sympathizers with the truth have ever been great obstacles in the way of its complete triumph.

—*Sympathy and Identity.*

What then is the perfect law of liberty? It is the law of implicit obedience to God, prompted by love for all his will and way. It is the law of perfect harmony with all that is good and utterly antagonistic to evil of every kind in every place.

The writer was once standing at the window in a railway station, as a long passenger train came in. A clownish man stood on the platform and gave utterance to comical oaths for the amusement of the crowd.

As I listened for a moment, a deep conviction prompted this prayer, "O Lord, make me just as free to praise thee as this wicked man is to blaspheme thy name." O how I saw and felt the bondage so generally felt by God's people in the use of their voices for God; and I never rested until delivered from this fear of man.

Freedom to use our voices for God as the Spirit prompts, is our blood-bought heritage.

The liberty to do because we love our King and delight to please him in all things, is true gospel liberty.

—*The Law of Liberty.*

He that spake as never man spake, hurled the blazing arrows of truth at even the appearance of evil. Those theologians of the present day who preach against the grosser crimes and leave the little

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foxes to spoil the grapes, avoid many unpleasant things. But are there any "little things," any non-essentials? Does any neutral territory exist between the inhabitants of earth and the eternal city? Do some acts possess a moral character and others not? If so, where is the neutral ground?

—*Non-Essentials.*

How few professed Christians seem to know anything of real self-denial and cross-bearing. We must lift up the standard of the "Law and the Testimony," and hold all to strict conformity thereto. A love of useless ornament is one of the outgrowths of depravity. I have thought much upon this important subject, and have trembled for our continued success, when I have seen the dividing line between the pilgrim church and the world less and less distinct.

—*Superfluous Ornaments.*

There is nothing like the dear old family book, the precious Bible, for old and young. With what delight its pages are perused in every department of life, by those who have learned to obey its precepts. The aged and infirm, the busy housewife, or the wage-earner can find spare moments for its study in the midst of life's cares and burdens.

—*The Family Book.*

God's special promises and instructions concerning children are to the parents. No one has the right to claim these promises that a parent has. The parents must realize that the salvation of the child depends largely upon them. It is theirs to

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plead the promises and never let go until salvation comes. According to their faith it shall be done unto them.—*The Relation of Parents to the Conversion of Their Children.*

Self-denial is the first step for all to take who start heavenward. We soon find self is the greatest enemy for us to overcome if we would be the disciples of Jesus. Self is the traitor within the castle of Man-soul, slyly watching for a chance to admit the besieging foe. —*The First Step Heavenward.*

Who are Free Methodists? They are Methodists who separate themselves from the world in all associations that can not be engaged in to the glory of God. —*Who Are Free Methodists?*

The only infallible test by which to try the spirits that have come into the world, to show what is truth and what is error, is the love test, as described in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

By love is not meant that sickly sentimentalism that smiles alike on good and evil. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil;" and the hatred is as intense as the love. —*The Love Test.*

There is undoubtedly one cause more than any other that occasions the fearful apostasy from the real life of God in the soul. While minor causes exist, this stands preeminent, namely, resting in present attainments. Here lies the "Enchanted

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Ground" where Bunyan's Pilgrim fell asleep and lost his roll.

There is no such thing as attaining such a state of religious experience in this life as leaves no more enemies to be overcome. Bible religion can not be retained without a constant increasing. It tends to permeate the entire being of its possessor.

—*Cause of Backsliding.*

Music is everywhere in this universe of God. Where he reigns, there is sweetest music, perfect harmony. We read of only one time of silence. When man fell and the fearful calamity was reported in the realms of glory, every harp was silenced. But a ransom was found and a sweeter note added to the chorus. "Unto him who hath redeemed us and washed us in his own precious blood, unto him be honor and praise and power." Redemption's song was never heard before in heaven, but has ever since been the theme of angels and archangels and will be forevermore. The redeemed of every kindred, tribe and tongue, have a part in the song, Hallelujah!

There is no discord there, for sin can never enter that glorious place. —*Music.*

(Probably the last article written by Mrs. Freeland, and left unfinished.)

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CHAPTER XII.

Sunset Days.

In the day of life there are the rosy tints of morning, the glory of the noon-tide, and the gathering shadows of the sunset hour.

Our pilgrim has journeyed from the East, where the morning sunbeams shone upon her pathway, slowly during the long years, until now the sunset hours approach in the far western land. But it is a busy, joyful sunset time.

At first, after coming to California, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland made their home with their son, but renewed strength and vigor caused Mr. Freeland to again accept work as a pastor, and he was stationed for one year at Whittier.

Those were days of toil and anxiety that the work of God might prosper, and their efforts were not in vain.

One of their members was James M. Cusick, the aged pilgrim who had heard Mrs. Freeland preach in the "Brick Church" so many years before. He had not seen her for over fifty years and was surprised at the great change in her physical appearance. Still he recognized that she had the same plainness in her dress, the same zeal, the same old gospel, and the witness of the same Spirit as in days of yore.

One of the pleasant surprises that now came to

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Mrs. Freeland, was a visit from her two brothers. Her brother Harvey had long since left New York state, making his home for many years in Lincoln, Nebraska. He had taken an active part in the cause of temperance, for some time editing a prohibition paper. While mayor of Lincoln, he was so faithful in his efforts to promote righteousness and overthrow iniquity, that "law-breakers twice fired his property, threw stones and shot bullets into his place of business, and as a crowning measure of intimidation, a full-sized, empty coffin was twice left at his door. He sold the coffins to the undertaker, giving the money to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, doubled his fire and life insurance, and pursued the even tenor of his way." But now he too was nearing the sunset days, and found his failing strength increased by spending the winters in the southland.

Harrison, the adventurer, was not now the tall, straight, vigorous man of other years. His form was bent with toil and the adverse fortunes that had come to him.

These three were all that remained of the family that had lived so happily in the log-cabin long ago. As they visited together and talked over the events of other years, their hearts grew young again, though saddened by the thought that their circle was now so small.

A short time after this visit, Harrison came, at the invitation of his sister, to make his home with her in Whittier, while receiving medical care. It was soon found that he was suffering from an incurable cancer. How the sister's heart yearned over her

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brother for whom she had prayed during so many long years. Could it be that he was providentially brought to her home that he might find the Savior?

At first he did not wish to be troubled about religion, saying that the order of "Elks" to which he belonged, was all the church he needed.

How that sister pleaded with God for weeks and months. She could not have her brother die unsaved. Gradually he became more interested, and would leave the door into his room open during family prayers and later joined with them in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Soon he was under deep conviction, and was anxious to have those who called pray with him before leaving.

One morning, after praying earnestly for about ten days, as Mrs. Freeland entered his room he said, "Mary, the Lord has heard my prayer and given me peace." Oh the joy of that sister's heart! God had answered after these many years. Harrison had been a kind, good brother yet the things of this world had occupied his whole attention. Now, at the age of eighty-three, his prayer was, "In all the ways that I need thee, O Lord, instruct me; O Lord, thy will be done." His heart was filled with peace and calmly he awaited the messenger that soon called him to the life beyond.

Now but two of the family were left to journey on their pilgrimage. Harvey, although over eighty years old, visited his sister twice more during the winters that followed.

After leaving Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland removed to their cottage home in Hermon, situated

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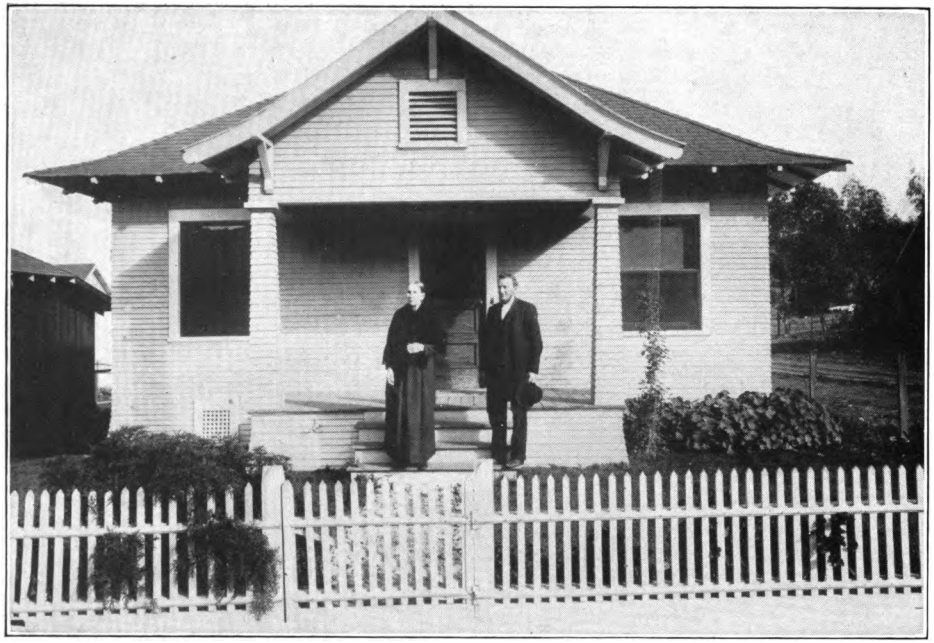

THE HERMON HOME.

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but a few steps from Los Angeles Seminary and the Free Methodist church. With reference to this home, Mrs. Carrie Baird says, "Mother Freeland's interest in our Christian schools was so great that I have heard her say she could not feel at home in any place where a seminary bell was not ringing. With the same desire of previous years to keep her hand on the spiritual pulse of our Christian young people, she delighted to make the home of her declining years at Hermon, the location of the Los Angeles Seminary." Here she could be in touch with the young people and still bear soul-burdens in connection with a Christian school.

Soon after coming to Hermon, she received another happy surprise. Mrs. Calista Evans Kinney and her daughter visited her home. Mrs. Kinney was one of her first students in the seminary at Gainesville, and it had been over fifty years since they had met. In her own words, this pupil of long ago thus describes the visit: "What a joyful day that was to us. Mrs. Freeland seemed to enjoy it, too. She silently shed tears for a few moments after learning who I was (for of course she did not recognize me). Then she said, 'I guess you don't see much of my former self.' I answered, 'Yes, I do see some of your former looks.'

"Together Mr. and Mrs. Freeland prepared such a nice dinner, which we enjoyed. After the meal was over, Mr. Freeland retired, as he said, 'That we might talk over old times,' and we did talk, calling to mind many of her dear pupils, most of whom were sleeping in their last resting place. This was the

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sad part of our talk, but it ended with a more cheerful part, as we talked of her life and mine at the seminary when she taught there.

"As the time drew near for us to depart, she seemed to cling to us. She took us out into the garden which was so pretty and well-kept, showing us the flowers of which she was ever fond. When we could stay no longer, she knelt and prayed with us. How very natural that prayer was, so like the many I had heard from her lips in my girlhood days. I was so glad to have my daughter meet her; she never could remember the time when she had not heard of 'Miss Hardy,' for that name was a household word in our home.

"How much her influence and teaching have been to me. The principles which she taught in her school, especially the religious ones, have made my life far better than it would otherwise have been. I, and many others of her pupils, have been influenced by them through life."

Mrs. Kinney continued to correspond with Mrs. Freeland after returning to her home in Kansas City, and her frequent letters were a source of joy to her former teacher.

The school that she and Miss Eldrige had founded so many years ago, was now no more. A short time after Mrs. Freeland had been obliged to leave the school on account of failing health, the seminary building had been accidentally burned. The friends and patrons of the school had rallied to replace the loss, erecting a building much better than the first. For a number of years Miss Eldrige, assisted by many able teachers, continued the school. It was

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later united with the public school, thus losing its distinctive character as a Ladies' Seminary. This, perhaps, more than any other cause, led to the school being discontinued after twenty years of successful work.

Mrs. Freeland had been cheered and comforted by the visit of her former pupil and the thought that the seed she had sown in faith had borne fruit in many lives.

Although now in feeble health, she was not idle during the passing months. For over two years she was leader of a woman's prayer meeting, held every Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Carrie Fuller, who describes her work thus: "We felt drawn heavenward by her rich experience. She often exhorted us to give our voices to the Lord and to let him have his way in our hearts and lives. If there was a fearful or a doubting one, she would say, 'Oh, trust and not be afraid.' Another favorite expression was, 'How is your faith to-day? Do you believe the Lord is able to do just what you ask him to do?' Again, in times of conflict when the enemy would seem to be gaining advantage, she would exclaim, 'There is a God in Israel that answers by fire.'

"Before revival meetings her faith was strong and simple. She would tell us that we must hold on by prayer and faith until the Lord came, for he would surely come if we held on and continued looking for him. She was often burdened, not only for our people, but for a general revival throughout the land. She would tell us that she had been praying for years and expecting to see an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that would awaken people as in the

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days of Moody. 'I believe the Lord will send it, if we hold on by faith and prayer,' she would say.

"She often exhorted us to keep to the old landmarks, and not to let a spirit of worldliness creep in, but to keep ourselves and our children plain. Her faith in divine healing was strong, and many received physical help in those meetings in answer to her prayers. No one could be in her presence long without feeling that she had been with Jesus, and learned of him. Heaven seemed nearer when she was with us."

Mrs. Carrie Baird also says: "In these meetings while her earnest prayers always included needy cases in town and church, her great burden was for the school. I never knew her to fail to mention in her prayer the principal of the school and she would often name over the teachers and a number of the scholars, especially any who were seeking a better experience or any who she had reason to believe were growing cold in their love to Christ. Over and over again she would exhort us to hold on in earnest prayer for the school. She would say, 'My sisters, we must get our shoulders under the wheel and lift this load.' She would also exhort us to keep on the plain pilgrim robe; for the young Christians, the students, must have examples of real plainness set before them. 'If the Free Methodist church,' said she, 'ever wanders from the plain pilgrim path and enters the broad road of worldliness, it will be because her individual members put on just a trifle more of worldly adornment at a time. We can not be too careful, my dear sisters.'"

When so feeble that she could hardly be about

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the house she would ask the Lord for strength to rise from her couch and in faith she would go to lead this prayer meeting.

She also continued deeply interested in missionary work. She was seldom absent from the monthly meetings of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of which she had been made a life-member while in Dakota.

For a number of years she was also a member of the Advisory Board of the General Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, her letters and advice being always helpful.

The youngest daughter, with her husband, Hiram W. Coffee, and their family of little ones had now come to California, and made their home in Pasadena. For some time all of the children with their families, except the second daughter, were within a few miles of their parents' home.

Frequent visits, celebrating birthdays, Thanksgiving or the Christmas holidays, were held first in one home and then in another, including all the members of the family circle within reach.

But the most important celebration was the Golden Wedding Anniversary, which occurred November 2, 1909. Fifty years of cloud and sunshine, joy and sorrow, but of unbroken service for the Master, had passed since the simple wedding on November 2, 1859, at the home of Harvey Hardy, in Gainesville, New York. Who would have thought then that this anniversary would have taken place in golden California!

The Golden Wedding was held at the home of the youngest daughter, four generations of the

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family being represented. The entire family circle, including father and mother, numbered twenty-five.

It was a time of thanksgiving and congratulations. Perhaps none of the messages received was more appreciated than the following from the South Dakota conference: "Inasmuch as our beloved Father and Mother Freeland have reached their Golden Wedding anniversary, we, the members of the South Dakota annual conference in session assembled, at Faulkton, South Dakota, wish to express our thanks to God who has so graciously preserved them in life and unselfish devotion to his cause. We recall with gratitude their many years of toil, their wise counsels, their prayers and tears and the inspiration and blessing we have received from them in the years gone by. We pray God's choicest blessing to abide upon them. We furthermore express our appreciation and brotherly love to them by the token which accompanies these resolutions." The token was an excellent copy of the Bible.

A number of beautiful and appropriate gifts accompanied the congratulations from their many friends.

Perhaps quotations from two toasts given at the wedding dinner, one by the husband and the other by the son will show in what tender regard the wife and mother was held after all these years:

A Toast from the Husband

"I can say that my highest expectations have been realized as you, my bride of fifty years, have

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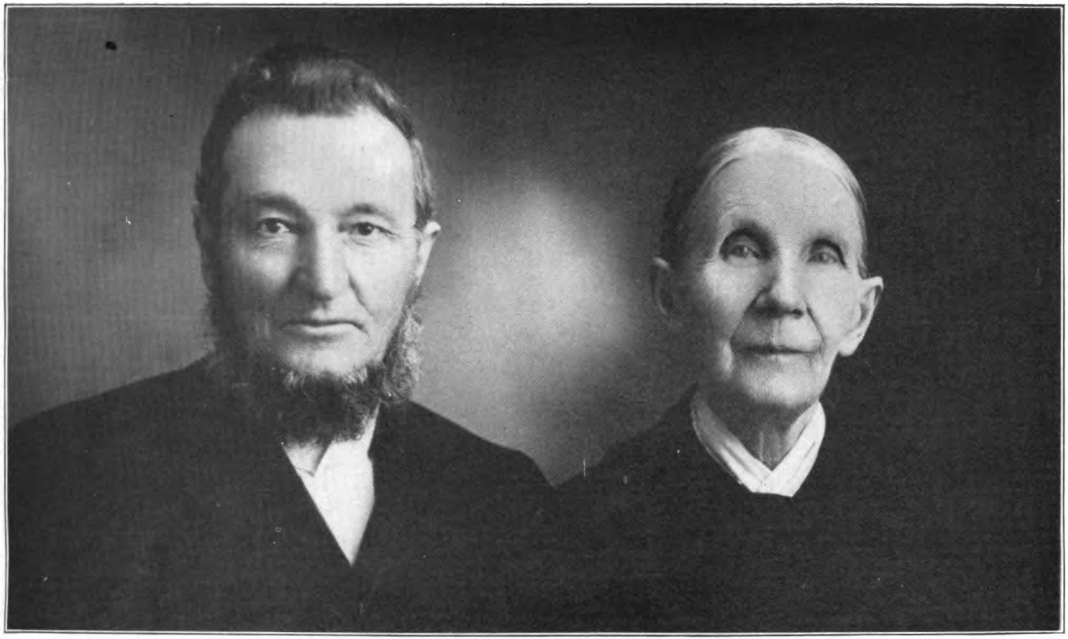

REV. AND MRS. J. B. FREELAND.
[From a photograph taken in 1908].

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proved yourself superlatively virtuous and affectionate. Others that have selected their wives from the ranks of school teachers have found that they needed another to preside in the housekeeping department. You have proved yourself perfectly at home in home-making and housekeeping. In my life work it has been my lot to visit and be entertained in many homes, but I found no home more welcome and attractive than the one where you presided. Our home has been quite movable. having changed our place of abode many times.

"As an itinerant minister, stationing committees never had any trouble to make my appointment because my wife was not wanted, and was not willing to go wherever God's work demanded it. Any success I may have had in the work of saving souls and building up the church in that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, has been realized largely as the result of your able and constant cooperation in all departments.

"As the mother of our children you have more than done your part, having supplied my lack of service when I was called to be away from home most of the time for years; and their early conversion to God and gathering into the Church of Christ was largely the result of your faithful home teaching and training.

"I have been called to pass through many severe attacks of disease, but your loving hands have, whenever able, gladly ministered to my needs. In view of these and many other facts that have come to me in the past fifty years of our married life, I will present to you at this time the Scriptural toast, "Many

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daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

A Toast to Mother.

"We speak of one whose very name brings to our hearts a source of restful quiet. Of one whose name carries with it a feeling of reverent respect and of untold preciousness. Of one who gathered her children about her in the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon and taught them the stories of Daniel, David, Samuel, and all the Bible worthies, and at the close of this quiet hour, taught the little knee to bend, the little head to bow, and the little lips to speak words of reverent prayer. Yes, of one who taught her children how to reach through to God himself. We speak of one who taught her children to be ambitious, but ambitious to be and do the right, her motto being, "Great, not like Cæsar stained with blood, but only great as we are good." We speak of one who taught by precept and example, self-sacrifice for God's cause. God and the church first, no self-sacrifice too great if God's cause demanded it. We speak of one who, when the family romp came, looked on with watchful eye and word of caution, for it was to her that her children went with the tear-stained face and the torn garment. We speak of one who followed her children across plains and mountains and by intuition knew their troubles which they meant to bear in silence, and brought help for them from the Father above. We call the name of the one of whom we speak, one of the three most precious names known to mortals—Our Mother."

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Thus the happy anniversary passed, bringing new courage for the days to come. It was a great privation when Mother Freeland was no longer able to attend church in the evening; but from her home she could hear the sound of prayer and singing, and, in time of revivals waited anxiously for the note of victory, which told of seeking souls finding the Savior.

During the revival meeting held in the winter of 1911-1912 by Rev. W. B. Olmstead, feeble as she was, she could not remain entirely away, but would go at times, sitting in her camp chair and entering with all her soul into the spirit of the meeting.

She was interested in the late general conference held in Chicago. Although over eighty years of age, she eagerly read the *Conference Daily,* keeping in touch with all the work being done. She was much encouraged with the action taken in regard to the ordination of women, feeling that the official recognition of those women who had labored so faithfully was at last about to be realized.

Rev. D. G. Shepard, the district elder of Los Angeles District, writes of the last quarterly meeting Mother Freeland attended:

"The last time Mother Freeland testified in the church was on Saturday afternoon of the quarterly meeting. I called on her to testify and gave her a special opportunity for two reasons. First, I always enjoyed her testimonies so much, for I felt like living nearer the Lord afterward; second, because she could not stand long waiting for others because of her weak body. In her testimony she said that

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she was glad the Saturday afternoon service was being continued at our quarterly meetings. She gave a very clear testimony to the saving grace of God, as she always did.

"Many have said in speaking of her testimonies, that they always made them feel the necessity of greater thoroughness, deeper spirituality, and devotion to God. Oh, that there were more holy, devoted mothers in Israel like her! Her life and words were a benediction to the church and to the world."

When no longer able to be actively connected with the Sunday-school, she joined the Home Department of which she was a member for several years. She never failed to prepare her lesson each week until her last illness, always considering it a privilege and a benefit to be counted a member of the Sabbath-school.

She attended every conference camp meeting but one, after coming to California, until the last one held in June, 1912. Although unable to be present during the entire meeting, she attended three or four services. The last one proved to be the last public service she ever attended. She gave in her testimony walking up and down the center aisle, praising the Lord with uplifted hands, although she had hardly been able to walk without assistance.

Although her health was rapidly failing, yet she said little of her sufferings, doing her best to be bright and cheerful.

Hearing from the father of her mother's serious condition, the second daughter, Mrs. Mary F. Coffee, came from Portland, Oregon, to visit them. She

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had been with her mother but a day or two, when she said, "I have kept up just as long as I could, Matie." From this time she grew rapidly worse.

The other children came daily, and a telegram summoned the daughter from Illinois.

With what a smile of satisfaction did she look from one to another, and how her face would light up as she realized that her little flock were all with her once more.

During the first few days of her illness, Satan tempted her severely. Throughout her Christian experience she had been subject to fiery assaults of the enemy. Apollyon himself, with all his dark-winged messengers, had withstood her passage to the Celestial City, and now, even when in sight of the heavenly land, he made his last final attack. But as in the past she had been more than conqueror, so now, even in her physical weakness, in answer to the united prayer of husband and children, the power of the enemy was broken and the peace of heaven filled her soul.

Several times it seemed that she was going, but her strength rallied and she lingered still. As she realized her increasing weakness, she said, "I am like a lump of snow, gradually melting away until the first you know it is gone."

For three Sabbath afternoons, the father and children gathered in her room at the twilight hour, the time when for so many years they had bowed together in the past. As in former days, each one prayed, although utterance was often choked with tears. Then the mother breathed her petitions for her little flock, carrying them with her to the very

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gate of heaven. On the last Sabbath afternoon she had not been able to speak above a whisper, but suddenly the glory of heaven rested upon her. Her face shone with the radiance of an angel, heaven filled the room until one could almost feel the presence of the bright winged messengers. She began to praise the Lord aloud, recounting his many mercies to her. Until late in the evening her voice remained, when she sang the doxology so that the family came in to know if it were really her voice, she not having been able to sing for months.

One morning during her illness when asked by her husband if she felt as good as new, she smiled and said, "No, not yet, but it is coming."

When brought some fruit and told that it was the first fruit from the garden, she seemed to be thinking and then said, "I was thinking what it meant—'Christ the first fruits of the resurrection, afterwards those that are Christ's at his coming.'"

Again she said, "I have done what I could. I have been true, but oh, so weak, so full of infirmities. The Lord has guided me every step of the way. I might have done better, but I might have done much worse."

To her husband she said, "I want you to give this message to the dear young people, 'Seek God, be Bible Christians.' I can't deliver any more messages publicly. The older ones must bear up the younger ones; the parents must do all they can to encourage the children. Speak of this in meeting when I am gone."

At another time, "I am failing fast; do not weep for me when I am gone. This is the victory, even

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your faith. Eternal rest, never to be tired. The crossing must be near. Live for eternity. Every one of our family must be there. Every one must be urged to be there, every one. I want to see the family complete in the heavenly home." One of the children said, "Mother, it seems sometimes as if we could not get our children all through." She answered, "They are all coming in. When I was alone one day not long ago, I took my Bible and prayed for all our children and their children. There was no one in the house and I could pray as loud as I wanted to, and the Lord heard. They are all coming in. The Lord gave me the verse long ago, 'Not a hoof shall be left behind.'"

"But mother, what shall we do when you are not here to pray for us?" She looked up with such an expression of reproof on her face as she said, "Why, prayer lasts longer than over night."

Again she said, "Husband, we've traveled a great many miles together, and we will again in the heavenly country. Perhaps it was a dream, but I thought it would not be long before I should welcome you to the heavenly city."

"Mother, you will soon know what we all long to know." She replied, "I shall begin to know."

"You must be near us, mother, after you are gone." She said, "I do not know what my duty and privilege will be in the other world."

"At eventime it shall be light. Because he lives I shall live also. It is all light. Peace I leave with you, peace I give unto you. The conflict is past. I trust it all with him, anyway; Lord, thy will be done in me and through me and by me. Amen.

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"The Lord grant that my mantle may fall on the young pilgrims, a double portion of the Holy Spirit. May they go everywhere Jesus bids them, not shrinking from the least or greatest cross.

"Tell the students the importance of right habits. Do not let life's work be done haphazard. Learn how to work, then you can be useful. Do not say, 'I forgot;' it is your business to remember.

"I do want my testimony to count for Jesus, if only in tract form; to count for Jesus, in the earth. How it was God could take a poor country girl and save her, and give her grace, and keep her all these seventy years is a mystery of grace.

"The Lord showed me that the best time for me to have secret prayer was ten o'clock in the morning, because that was the time I would be least likely to be disturbed. The children knew it was mother's hour.

"I want out of my life, and death whenever it comes, that there should be a fellow-feeling among the mothers, of the importance of prayer for their children. I want that there shall be a badge or button showing common fellowship; do not charge for it. Mother's hour at ten o'clock; I would like to meet with them if I could."

She often spoke of the importance of love, saying "It is the beginning and end of true religion."

"Love is the pole star of the universe. When the world was created there was no other moral element but love. How grand and glorious it will be to get into a country where there is nothing but love."

When reminded of her position in the missionary society, and asked if she had a parting message, she

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immediately dictated the following: "The prospect never was so bright for foreign missions. 'Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.' In proportion as the spirit of self-denial increases, the work will go on. It must be self-denial on every hand, to save the pennies and the dimes. Teach the children to deny themselves. The pennies are too precious to waste for needless things."

She requested that the twelfth of Isaiah, her favorite chapter, be read to her, and later that the song, "There is a land of pure delight," be sung.

Once she said, "I know there is such a thing as taking a course through life to heaven, for I have seen heaven. It is indescribable, words can not tell it. I saw Jesus, he ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Again, "I am full of courage, I would like to live and labor for the Master a hundred years longer if it were his will."

She talked calmly of the various matters in connection with her departure, as if taking a journey; among other requests she desired that no flowers be placed upon her coffin and that there be no floral display at her funeral. As the disease progressed her mind became affected and it was necessary to use anæsthetics. Her family expected that she would never regain consciousness again. The dear sisters in Hermon, however, with whom she had met for prayer so many times, gathered together in earnest supplication that Mother Freeland might be herself again before leaving her family. Unexpectedly to the loved ones by her side, she knew first one

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and then another until the entire family, one by one, had gone softly to her bed-side to receive her parting message and blessing.

On the morning of August 29th, when her voice was so nearly gone that it was difficult to catch the whispered words, she said, "Once more I am well enough, have prayers," meaning that she was able to have the usual morning worship in her room. She joined in repeating the twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, although only the movement of her lips could be distinguished. Many times during her illness she repeated the words, "Thy will be done," "I am thine." When the precious voice was gone, her lips still framed the word, "Amen."

During all the afternoon and evening before the last cord was severed that held her to earth, her little flock were in her room singing her favorite hymns, "O think of the home over there," "I will sing you a song," "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages," "O come, angel band," "My faith looks up to thee," "Is there any one can help us?" and many others.

If the singing stopped, for the sobs would come, her speaking blue eyes would wander questioningly from one to another, until, realizing that it was the last that they could do for that precious one, the tears were forced back, and they would begin another hymn. Then a smile would rest upon her face, and she was satisfied.

The companion who had borne life's burdens with her so long, was ever in her thoughts. She was plan-

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ning for his comfort until the last. It seemed they could not be separated, but the husband with tender, loving messages, soothed and comforted the weary pilgrim so soon to enter the Celestial City.

"She remained conscious until so far in the valley that sight was dimmed and hearing was lost in the crossing."

Quietly, as the congregation gathered at the church for the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting were singing a hymn, the words floating in at her open window, her spirit passed into the glories of the unseen world. The funeral was held in the Hermon church that she had loved so well. Rev. M. N. Downing, who had known both Father and Mother Freeland since before their marriage, spoke words of comfort and inspiration from the text, Psa. 50:5, "Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice."

The large congregation joined in singing, "There is a land of pure delight," "Servant of God, well done," and "I will meet you in the morning," while the pastor, Rev. B. J. Vincent, and the elder, Rev. D. G. Shepard, assisted in the services.

In accordance with Mother Freeland's last wish there was no display of flowers, but all the arrangements were plain and simple.

As the procession accompanying the precious body passed over the smooth pavement of Orange Grove avenue, it seemed a fitting pathway for the last journey. On either side were the costly mansions, velvet lawns, and rare flowers, but our pil-

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grim had entered into the city whose gates are pearls, whose foundations are precious stones, and whose streets are of pure gold.

In Mountain View cemetery, the casket that had contained the jewel of her immortal, redeemed spirit, was laid peacefully away. Since her conversion she had lived with this hour in view. It had been her aim that life's sun for her should not set in clouds, that she should have an abundant entrance into the heavenly city. She had faithfully followed the path that led to this end, and she was not disappointed. For her earth's sunset was the dawn of heaven's eternal day.

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Waiting at the Gate.

I dreamed one night, and lo, it seemed
I stood at heaven's gate;
And saw a being clothed in white
Beside the portals wait.

A crown of glory decked her brow,
She waved the victor's palm,
And sang the praises of her King
In notes of sweetest psalm.

I marked the radiance on her face,
Which shone with heavenly light;
A radiance from that glory world
To which there comes no night.

I asked her why she lingered thus
Beside the Eastern Gate,
She smiled and said: "Tis for the loved
Ones that I watch and wait.

"I left them weeping on the shore
When sailed my fragile barque.
My Pilot brought me safely o'er,
Across the waters dark.

"He led me through the gates of pearl,
And up the streets of gold.
Beside the crystal fountains clear
Of waters pure and cold.

"I've tasted of the fruit that grows
Beside the stream of Life,
And rested in the pastures green
Beyond the toil and strife.

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"And then, oh, wondrous, wondrous grace!
He led me to the throne.
And to the holy angels said
'This is my very own!

" 'On earth she fully followed me,
Nor blushed to own my name;
She bore the cross, and laid aside
All thought of worldly fame.

" 'And now, before my Father's throne
I own that she is mine.
Enter, my child, on the reward
Which is forever thine.'

"Oh, could they know the joy I feel,
The glory of this place,
The bliss unspeakable to look
In my Redeemer's face!

"I long to take them in my arms,
To fold them to my breast
And say, It pays a thousandfold
To stand the fiery test;

"To walk the self-denying path
By saints and martyrs trod,
The path which surely leads at last
To the Paradise of God.

"They're coming soon, yes, soon will cease
The crosses and the tears;
For life's short span is but a drop
In the ocean of God's years.

"I want to greet them when they come,
'Tis why I linger here,
That I may smile a welcome home
To those I hold so dear.

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"In tears they bade farewell, but on
That glad reunion day
There'll be no tears, for God himself
Shall wipe them all away."

The vision vanished from my sight,
As sinks the setting sun.
May the reality be ours
When life's short day is done.

—*Mrs. Edith C. Davis.*

Hermon, California.

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Mrs. M. H. Freeland—A Tribute.

BISHOP W. T. HOGUE

I first met Mrs. Freeland in the summer of 1868, at a camp meeting held near my father's farm in Lyndon, New York. I was then but a lad of sixteen years. I had been clearly converted, but was not living so near the Lord at the time as was my privilege, nor as I had been in the past. I was much impressed by the deep and earnest seriousness which both she and her husband manifested, and by their concern for the salvation of all whom they met, as manifested in their direct and earnest personal efforts to lead them to Christ. They carried with them such a savor of the heavenly world as brought me under conviction, and yet as made me shy of them because of my unwillingness to respond to the light that was shining upon me regarding my call to preach the gospel.

Some years later I visited them in their home in Syracuse, New York. Brother Freeland was then seriously ill with heart trouble. At that time I had more sense of appreciation of their faith and godliness than when I had met them some years earlier. I perceived that Sister Freeland was indeed a woman of faith and of deep spirituality; that hers was the grace that shone in the home and under trial equally as bright as it did in more public places and under more favoring circumstances; that she eminently exemplified "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price;" in fact that she was a living example

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of scriptural holiness, a woman whose life was "hid with Christ in God."

In the later years I met her often in camp meetings, conferences, and at general conference. She was ever the same dignified, simple, sweet-spirited, zealous, uncompromising Christian woman that she appeared to be when first I met her. Holiness was her constant theme. When so advanced in years that most women and many men of her age would have regarded themselves as quite excusable for remaining in bed during early service at the camp meetings, she was accustomed to get out and, with the freshness and vigor of a much younger woman, lead the 5:30 a. m. holiness meetings each morning, preaching with effectiveness, and then laboring with her accustomed zeal to help those who presented themselves as seekers.

Mrs. Freeland was a woman of rare intelligence, of fine education, of excellent social qualities, very motherly in manner, kind to everybody, "easy to be entreated" in all things non-essential, but firm as the everlasting hills in her adherence to her convictions of duty and to all the principles of righteousness. She might have shone among the worldly and the fashionable of society, had she been so inclined; but she chose rather to follow the meek and lowly Savior in the path of unworldliness and self-denial, and to consecrate her powers to the loftiest service of God and humanity. She was content to let others illustrate the character of "the new woman," and as for herself, to illustrate how "holy women of old" walked with God and lived before the world. In spirit, manner, conversation, dress, and general bear-

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ing she was an admirable representative of New Testament saintliness. "A mother in Israel" was removed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant when Mrs. M. H. Freeland was translated.

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"Mother's Hour" Circle

I hereby pledge myself to pray once a day, at the hour of ten a. m. if possible, for the immediate salvation of my children.

Signed_____

"Behold, I and the children whom God hath given me." Isaiah viii : 18
"Prayer lasts longer than over night."
—Mother Freeland

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Mother's Hour Circle.

In accordance with the desire expressed by Mrs. M. H. Freeland a few days before her death, an informal organization of Christian mothers has been planned. Any mother who wishes to join the circle may do so by sending for and signing a card of membership, receiving a badge of membership with no expense except an inclosed stamp for reply.

Already between two and three hundred mothers have joined the *Mother's Hour Circle* and some children have been clearly saved in answer to the special prayers offered.

All mothers are earnestly invited to unite in this effort for the conversion of their children, specially those belonging to Christian homes.

For card of membership, address, Mrs. Mary Freeland Coffee, 225 East 55th street, North, Portland, Oregon.

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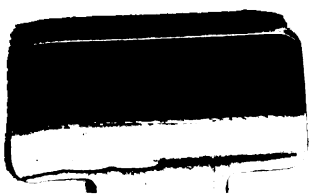

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